

# THE WESTERN MONTHLY.

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## ANSON S. MILLER.

**A**MONG the distinguished men of the West, we know of no nobler representative of its spirit of progress, freedom of thought and independence of speech, than our own Illinois citizen, the Hon. ANSON S. MILLER, of Rockford.

Judge MILLER is of New England parentage, and a descendant from Revolutionary ancestors, both of his grandfathers having been at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Toward the close of the last century, his father, the late Luther Miller, Esq., a native of Massachusetts, removed to the Mohawk country, then a wilderness region, and settled at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, N. Y.; near which, in the adjoining town of Lee, the subject of this biographical sketch was born, Sept. 24, 1810.

His early years were spent at the common school and on his father's farm. Inheriting a vigorous constitution, and imbued with a love of nature, he engaged with rare fondness and efficiency in agricultural pursuits, for the promotion of which he has, in his maturer years, so successfully labored.

When but a youth, he had acquired a thorough English education, and he taught school a number of terms in his native town and elsewhere, sustaining the reputation of a skillful instructor.

Subsequently he prepared for college at Grosvenor's High School at Rome, and entered Hamilton College shortly before attaining his majority.

Some of his associates at Mr. Gros-

venor's school, like himself, emigrated to Illinois at an early day. Among these were Hon. N. B. Judd, Judge John D. Caton, Sylvester Talcott, Esq., the late Dr. Daniel Brainard, Thomas Wright, Esq., and other prominent citizens.

Spending four years at college, where he received a number of honors, he graduated in the summer of 1835. Among his class-mates at college were the Rev. Dr. Benjamin W. Dwight, a well-known educator and author; Hon. Calvert Comstock, late editor of the Albany (N. Y.) *Argus*; Hon. Nathaniel Bennett, Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and others who have since achieved distinction.

Immediately after his graduation, he commenced the study of the Law, pursuing it at Rome and Delta in his native county of Oneida. Completing his term of legal study, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of New York, at Utica, in 1838, and in the autumn of that year went to the West. He stopped temporarily at Terre Haute, Ind., where he formed a law partnership with Wm. W. Heaton, Esq., also from that Oneida county, N. Y., which has furnished so many Western emigrants. Both of the partners, however, went to the Rock River country, Illinois, in 1840, one settling at Rockford and the other at Dixon, where they now respectively reside, having practiced their profession there, and each occupied the Judicial Bench.

From Mr. MILLER's settlement in Rockford to his election as Judge, in 1857, he practiced law in partnership with his brother, Cyrus F. Miller, Esq. In 1842 he declined the proffered nomination of Senator at the Whig Convention, wishing to confine himself to his profession. In 1844, upon the agitation of the State debt question, he consented to represent Winnebago county in the Legislature, and upon his election to the House of Representatives, took an active part on the Judiciary Committee with the Hons. Stephen T. Logan, Richard Yates, Julius Manning and others, in revising the Statutes; and on the Canal Committee with the Hons. L. N. Arnold, Hart L. Stewart, Benj. L. Smith and others, in providing to pay interest on the canal debt and restoring the credit of the State. He also, at this session, 1844-5, introduced the first bill to repeal the "Black Laws," and supported the measure in an eloquent and powerful speech, which was reported in the papers at the capital, and circulated throughout the State; and, in 1865, he had the satisfaction of seeing all those laws swept from our Statutes. In 1845-6 he traveled through portions of Northern Illinois, with the Hon. Wm. B. Ogden and Hon. J. Young Scammon, for the purpose of awakening an interest in the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, then projected, and in securing its construction.

In 1846 he was elected to the Senate, and took a prominent part in the measures of that important period of the State history.

The following, extracted from a sketch of Senators, written from the seat of government, and published at the time in the *Mississippian*, a Democratic paper of Rock Island, gives a true view of our subject:

"HON. ANSON S. MILLER.

"Among the Whigs, Senator MILLER stands conspicuous. His mind is well

versed in law and stored with useful learning, and he has a noble and commanding presence, combined with a high moral and intellectual character. Previous to the election of Attorney-General, he was nominated by the Whigs for that office, which he declined. As a forensic debater, he is logical, clear and persuasive. His arguments are characterized by strength and solidity, and often by finished elegance; yet no force of expression is sacrificed for mere beauty of diction. His style as a speaker and writer is concise, compact and vigorous. When speaking, his usual manner is earnest, candid and deliberate—sometimes vehement; and, when aroused, he is often eloquent. He is a bold and independent thinker, and never shrinks in his position from exposing the abuses of government or the evils of the age. His manners are polished and courteous, and respect for the opinions and feelings of others is a marked characteristic.

"He has no enemies here, but many warm personal friends in all parties. Age, thirty-six years; height, six feet; black hair and eyes; dark complexion, and compactly built.

"He has amassed a large fund of law-learning, and has hitherto been eminently successful in practice. Yet in the morning of life, imbued with honorable principles, and blessed with a fine constitution, we conceive that his progress in usefulness and distinction is but just begun."

Time has happily verified these predictions.

It is interesting to look back upon the men and parties in Illinois at the period when Mr. MILLER entered the Senate. Among the leading Whigs were John J. Hardin, Stephen T. Logan, Edward D. Baker, John T. Stuart, Abraham Lincoln, Ninian W. Edwards, O. H. Browning, Joseph Gillespie, Jesse K. Dubois, David Davis, Thomas Drum-

mond, Usher F. Linder, Benjamin R. Sheldon, Richard Yates, E. B. Washburne, Richard J. Oglesby, J. Young Scammon, James C. Conkling, S. Lisle Smith, John Wood, E. B. Webb, J. L. D. Morrison, Richard S. Wilson, Wm. Gooding, and many other gifted public men.

Prominent among the Democrats of that period were John Reynolds, Richard Young, Sidney Breeze, Thomas Ford, Stephen A. Douglas, Wm. A. Richardson, Lyman Trumbull, Wm. B. Ogden, Joseph Knox, John Wentworth, Murray McConnell, John Dement, John A. McClernard, Wm. H. Bissell, Julius Manning, James Shields, James A. McDougall, Joel A. Mattison, I. N. Arnold, Gustavus Koerner, John M. Palmer, N. B. Judd, I. N. Morris, J. Dougherty, Thompson Campbell, and others.

Seldom has any State presented such an array of talented men as Illinois at that period. Since then, the revolutions of party have changed the political relations of many. Democrats have become Republicans, and some of the Whigs, on the extinction of their party, went over to the Democratic ranks.

In 1857, he was elected orator of the Alumni Association of Hamilton College, and on the following Annual Commencement of that institution in 1858, delivered his oration on *Self-Culture*, which was extensively published and greatly admired at the time, and which must continue to be regarded as a model.

In 1860, various Republican papers proposed Judge MILLER for the next Governor of Illinois, but he promptly declined the candidacy.

During the war of the Rebellion, he labored devotedly and efficiently in raising Union troops and providing for their wants in the field, for which he will long be gratefully remembered by the soldiers.

In 1864, his *Alma Mater*, Hamilton College, conferred on him the degree of LL.D., an honor of which his natu-

ral endowments and high attainments and character rendered him eminently worthy.

The same year, he was nominated by the Republican State Convention as Presidential Elector of his Congressional District for the re-election of President Lincoln, and spent the autumn preceding the election in speaking and canvassing in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

His was the banner district of the State and Nation, and he was chosen messenger of the Electoral College of Illinois to bear its vote to Washington.

The following brief extracts from papers in his Electoral District show the public estimate of his services in this campaign:

"Among the strong and patriotic men of Illinois who have battled for the right, our able and eloquent Elector has held his position in the first rank throughout the great conflict."

"Judge MILLER is a powerful and successful canvasser, a champion of the true principles of our Government, who, in the last as well as in former political campaigns, has devoted his efficient services to the cause of the country."

"The selection of the Hon. ANSON S. MILLER for Presidential Elector was a wise thing, and he was everywhere received with favor. Whilst he is an ardent politician, he is a courteous gentleman, and his genial influence did much to allay unprofitable excitement wherever he appeared. He is an able lawyer and an upright man."

President Lincoln, in the course of the canvass, tendered him a United States Judgeship, which he declined, as it would necessitate the removal of his family.

In 1865, President Lincoln made him Postmaster of Rockford, a position which he still holds, although twice superseded by President Johnson (to whose "policy" he was opposed); but

the Senate not concurring, no change was made.

In 1866, he accepted the invitation of the New York State Agricultural Society to deliver the annual address at the Saratoga Fair, and his speech on that occasion was applauded as one of great originality and power. It was reported and copied in many papers, and published in permanent form by the society, and will doubtless stand as a classic in its department.

In 1868, upon Gen. Palmer's declining to be a candidate for Governor, Judge MILLER, who had favored his nomination, was proposed for the position—as we have reason to know, without his agency or seeking—and strongly urged by many of the leading papers of the State. We quote briefly from some of the many commendations in different journals:

"The nomination of the Hon. ANSON S. MILLER to the Chief Magistracy will be an honor to the Republican party, who will thus have for their leader a man of eloquence, learning and tried patriotism, whose private character and public acts will be strong elements of the campaign."

"Among the nominees for the Governorship is the Hon. ANSON S. MILLER, of Rockford, a gentleman every way worthy of the position, and who at one time declined the nomination. He has eminent qualifications, and is known as one of Illinois' most honored men; an accomplished scholar and orator, who has worked in the Republican ranks with unshrinking fidelity."

"A man whom thousands know and love; able, honest, magnanimous and true; a statesman and jurist of extensive experience and culture; a gentleman of unspotted reputation and unexceptionable habits; Judge MILLER, of Rockford, stands forth as the equal in qualifications and deserts of any other man in the State."

"We want for Governor a true and loyal man, whose moral and business character entitles him to the respect and confidence of the people, a man who will carry with him into the Executive office a heart full of principle and a dignity befitting his high position; and among the candidates, our mind reverts to no one more eminently qualified, or who would do greater honor to the State, if elected, than the Hon. ANSON S. MILLER, of Winnebago county. His purity and dignity of character are proverbial; he is known as the leader in all worthy and patriotic movements in that part of the State where he has for many years resided, and where his opinion on all State and National questions is sought and respected.

"During the war he was the friend and advocate of the loyal soldiers, working persistently for the success of their cause.

"In agricultural interests, he has a national reputation. In 1866, he delivered the Annual Address before the New York State Agricultural Society, which is said to have been one of the finest ever delivered in the United States.

"He is every way qualified to fill the Gubernatorial office, and we believe the Republicans of Illinois would do themselves credit by selecting him as their standard bearer in the campaign soon to be inaugurated."

"Many of the ablest papers in the State, and some of the strongest Republican counties, are for Hon. ANSON S. MILLER, and his claims are urged with great dignity and fairness. His eminent fitness as an estimable and Christian gentleman, a ripe scholar, a learned jurist, an eloquent speaker, and a sound Republican, will secure him an almost unanimous support."

"At an era of unequaled enterprise and progress in every department of industry in the West, wherein Illinois is rising to the first rank of States, ANSON S. MILLER is the right man for



her Governor. He is justly recognized as one of the ablest and most influential of her citizens—a statesman of experience and high character, whose elevation to the Chief Magistracy would reflect honor on the State.”

These extracts from journals in different portions of Illinois, show the public estimation of Judge MILLER better than anything we can say, and indicate the general favor with which his nomination would have been received. Previous to the Convention, however, it became evident that Gen. Palmer would be brought before it as a candidate for

Governor, and Judge MILLER magnanimously requested his friends not to use his name so long as Gen. Palmer was before the Convention, as he would not oppose him. Gen. Palmer was thus nominated, and he had no stronger supporter than Judge MILLER, who gave liberally of his best efforts and resources to the support of the State and National Republican ticket, in the memorable campaign of 1868. Had Gen. Palmer continued withdrawn from the canvass, and withheld his name from the Convention, ANSON S. MILLER would probably have been the present Governor of Illinois.

## SCIENCE, MONOTHEISM AND POLYTHEISM.

BY THOMAS CLARKE.

OUR old friend, Herbert Spencer, makes the following remark, which we heartily endorse, namely:

“Little as it seems to do so, fearless inquiry tends continually to give a firm basis to all true religion. The timid sectarian, alarmed at the progress of knowledge, secretly fears that all things may some day be explained.”

Nothing, we say, is so good for truth—that is, true religion—as fearless inquiry; and that religion which can not endure such a test, is not worth much.

In a former article we have shown that if transmutation of one species into another had ever been one of the laws of nature, we should find some specimen in the past, or we should still see the process going on in our own day; and if this mode of development is proved to be negatived, it follows that creation was the only mode by which the phenomena we now behold could have been produced—that is, if we grant that this system, with all it contains, ever had a beginning, or ever will have an end.

Even here there is much difference of opinion, and, we confess, there are some grounds for such difference; for, it may fairly be inquired, what reason have we for the belief that this solar system, this earth and all it contains, were ever produced from nothing, since it is admitted that nothing can spring from nothing, “*Ex nihilo nihil fit?*”

Again, if the laws of nature are fixed, eternal and irreversible, why should we suppose that this beautiful and harmonious system of worlds, with which all space seems to be filled, was even for a single moment in a state of chaos or confusion, as those who maintain the nebular theory suppose? If the law of universal gravitation prevails, by what power could that law have been overcome, and the mighty globes and their satellites hurled into even temporary chaos and confusion? Is not this to concede the existence of a Power superior to the laws of nature, who upsets or modifies them at his pleasure, and who commands order and harmony to re-assert their sway, by imposing his own

will upon the confused mass? Says Young:

"If nought had been, nought still had been;  
Eternal there must be!  
But what eternal?"

Yes, indeed, what eternal? Who can answer this question satisfactorily, or penetrate the unfathomable depths of this great mystery?

But, now, leaving the question which is too deep for human powers to solve, or even to contemplate with any degree of clearness or satisfaction, let us turn to another, which touches us, if possible, still more intimately, inasmuch as it involves some of the most important of our obligations and practical duties here on earth.

However we came here, whether by transmutation or creation, or whether we have had no beginning, but are descended from ancestors self-existing in a continual round from all eternity, it is a patent fact, that each individual of us is only a small and insignificant link in this chain, unconscious of everything that preceded his own appearance, and ignorant of everything which shall happen after he is gone; so that, practically, it makes little difference to him as to the source of his being, and of his sentient nature, if he shall cease to exist with the termination of his earthly career.

If, on the contrary, he has an immortal spirit, an indestructible essence, the question again arises, whence did it come, and whither shall it go, after it quits this, its earthly tabernacle? And it is precisely this question which has agitated mankind in every age, and which has given birth to every species of ubiquitous worship or superstition, of which he is the subject, and often the object.

Young, in answer to his own question, "But what eternal? Why not human race and Adam's ancestors without an end?" replies:

"That's hard to be conceived, since every link  
Of that long-chained creation is so frail,  
Can part depend and not the whole?"

How, indeed, is it possible that each link of the chain should be so weak, dependent and helpless, if the whole chain is independent, strong and powerful? This would be a strange paradox—to find a chain whose links were all weak and unreliable, but whose whole extent, of which these weak links constitute the only strength and material, to be so strong and vigorous as to claim a total independence of every other power, and a self-reliance which it would be impossible to disturb!

What power, then, in all the universe, can be said to be supreme, irresistible and self-reliant, controlling all other powers, and ruling the worlds by the single fiat of its own will? Is it a law of nature? We have seen this law set aside, absolutely annihilated, according to the *Positivists*, and another law, one of disorder, confusion and chaos—the law of an irresponsible and seemingly capricious arbitrary will—set up in its place; for these all admit, with the sacred writer, that this earth, as well as the whole solar system, was once "without form and void," and that a mass of nebular matter then filled the space now occupied by our earth, the sun, and the various planets that roll around his orb in harmony and beauty, ministering to each other, according to their several needs and powers, and all enjoying that light and life which is calculated to bless and beautify the world. The *sarans* do not inform us, indeed, how long this state of chaos and confusion continued, or by what power it was ended, and the elements restored to harmony and their proper places. We know that revelation refers this work to the "spirit of God," which "moved upon the face of the waters, and which said, 'let there be light, and there was light.'"

This, however, is too vulgar and contemptible an agency for men to admit, who despise the idea of *mystery* or miracles, and who can explain all things by the (to them) plain and self-evident

laws of nature. We propose to give our readers the full benefit of all the light which these illustrious men have been able to shed on this important subject. Hear Herbert Spencer on this question :

"It is settled, beyond all dispute, that organic progress consists in a change from the *homogeneous* to the *heterogeneous*. In its primary stage, every germ consists of a substance that is uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition."

Let the reader mark these words, and bear them in mind; for on them is built the whole superstructure of the development theory, and the truth of that theory consequently rests on the strength and durability of the foundation on which the superstructure is built. If the foundation proves to be on sand—as we think will be made clear by-and-by—then the temple will not long be able to resist the torrent and the storm which will assail it on all sides; but it must be swept away, without leaving a trace of its ruins to mark the spot where it once stood.

"It is settled, beyond dispute"—is it?—"that organic progress consists in a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous?"

That is to say—"Every germ consists of a substance that is uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition."

This is a sweeping assertion, without the slightest shadow of proof—or even the possibility of arriving at any approximation to truth, from any means within the reach of scientific investigation, at this moment. For in the attempt to make the chemical analysis of any substance containing the germ of life or organization, the life-principle eludes our grasp long before we can reach that point on which it would be possible to test its nature or quality; and all that remains is a dead resi-

duum which can teach us nothing whatever. How bold, how daring and how absurd the assertion from a *philosopher*—a *savant*—a professed *investigator of truth*—to utter a dogma which is refuted by daily observation and experience, though the chemist is baffled in his efforts to analyze it! He analyzes the germ of a chicken in an egg, or of an oak in an acorn, and to his imperfect senses, aided by his best instruments, they appear homogeneous—that is, the whole mass is exactly "uniform throughout, both in texture and chemical composition." He has the egg hatched into a bird, or sees the acorn developed into an oak, and then sees what he calls a "differentiation" in both—that is, as he expresses it, "the first step in the appearance of a difference between the parts of this substance. Each of these differentiated divisions presently begins, itself, to exhibit some contrast of parts, and, by-and-by, these secondary differentiations become as definite as the original one."

Here, because the *philosopher* can detect no difference in the mass of the germ, that is no indication of life, but a seeming uniformity throughout, there can be none; but if not, whence does it come from afterwards, as he can easily detect a difference when the animal or plant is further advanced in its stage of growth—sufficiently, at least, to allow his senses and his instruments to discover that which by reason of extreme minuteness was impalpable and intangible before?

It is *known* that every living germ has a distinct plant or animal, as perfect in all its parts, folded up within it, as it will afterwards appear to the sense of man, when it is fully developed; and that the acorn contains the oak in miniature, just as the egg does the bird, and every other germ that of the kind which produced it.

So much for this *homogeneity* and *heterogeneity*—the big words on which

is built this little temple of the Positivists, which will not now offer a resting-place for the sole of one of their feet, if they were only the size of those belonging to Queen Mab. But let us quote a little more of their language.

Herbert Spencer does not content himself with presenting one weak side to the enemy; he seems determined to exhibit the whole body in its naked deformity and imbecility. Hear him again:

"With the view of showing that if the nebular hypothesis be true, the genesis of the solar system supplies one illustration of this law, let us assume that the matter of which the sun and planets consist, was once in a diffused form, and that from the gravitation of its atoms there resulted a gradual concentration. By this hypothesis the solar system, in its nascent state, existed as an indefinitely extended and *nearly* homogeneous medium—a medium *almost* homogeneous in density, in temperature and in other physical attributes. The first advance towards consolidation resulted in a differentiation between the unoccupied space which the nebulous mass still filled and the unoccupied space which it previously filled. There simultaneously resulted a contrast in density and temperature between the interior and exterior of this mass," etc., etc.

In the above extract we search in vain for an illustration of the law of all progress, as we have already sought in vain for it in the egg and the acorn; for it no more follows that a heterogeneous mass will become homogeneous because of its being diffused through space than that a homogeneous mass can become heterogeneous, by being expanded or developed from an egg into a bird. Water does not become heterogeneous by being expanded into steam, nor quicksilver by being frozen solid. In fact Herbert Spencer here

exposes his weakness in the plainest manner. Indeed he candidly confesses it in the end; for he says, in conclusion: "And now, from the uniformity of the procedure, may we not infer some fundamental necessity whence it results? May we not rationally seek for some all-pervading principle which determines this all-pervading process of things? Does not the universality of the law imply a universal *cause*?"

And behold the conclusion to which he arrives, in furnishing an answer to his own question! It is this:

"That we can fathom such cause, noumenally considered, is not to be supposed. To do this would be to solve that ultimate *mystery*, which must ever transcend human intelligence."

What! can anything be a *mystery* for the positivists? Is it possible?

And he says very candidly in another place:

"After all that has been said the ultimate *mystery* remains just as it was. The man of science becomes, by each new inquiry, more profoundly convinced that the universe is an insoluble problem. Alike in the external and the internal worlds he sees himself in the midst of perpetual changes, of which he can discover neither the beginning nor the end. If, tracing back the evolution of things, he allows himself to entertain the hypothesis that all matter once existed in a diffused form, he finds it utterly impossible to conceive how this came to be so; and equally, if he speculates on the future, he can assign no limit to the great succession of phenomena ever unfolding themselves before him. On the other hand, if he looks inward he perceives that both terminations of the thread of consciousness are beyond his grasp; he cannot remember when or how consciousness commenced, and he cannot examine the consciousness that at any one time exists; for only a state of conscious-

ness that is already past can become the object of thought, and never one which is passing.

"When, again, he turns to the essential nature of phenomena, he is equally at fault, though he may succeed in resolving all properties of bodies into manifestations of force, he is not thereby enabled to realize what force is; but finds, on the contrary, that the more he thinks about it the more he is baffled. Similarly, though analysis of mental actions may finally bring him down to sensations, as the original materials out of which all thought is woven, he is none the forwarder; for he cannot in the least comprehend sensation — cannot even conceive how sensation is possible. Inward and outward things he thus discovers to be alike inscrutable in their ultimate genesis and nature. He sees that the materialist and spiritualist controversy is a mere war of words; the disputants being equally absurd, each believing he understands that which it is impossible for any man to understand. In all directions his investigations eventually bring him face to face with the UNKNOWNABLE. He learns at once the greatness and littleness of the human intellect; its power in dealing with all that comes within the range of experience; its impotence in dealing with all that transcends experience. He feels with a vividness which no other can the utter incomprehensibility of a single fact, considered in itself. He alone truly sees that absolute knowledge is impossible; he alone *knows* that under all things there lies an impenetrable *mystery*." [See "Progress, its Law and Cause."]

Now, if this be really the utmost limit of human science, if this be all it can do to satisfy the human soul thirsting for knowledge, what does it amount to, and what are the comforts and consolations which it is able to bring in its train? Yet there is no doubt at all of

the truth as it is here set forth by one of her high priests, that SCIENCE is the most pretentious of all the idols worshipped by men; while she is, in fact, the least able to reward her votaries for the time, the labor and the energy expended in her service. Man seems to have realized this truth at a very early period of her history. He saw, even, that his search after knowledge was met and fenced in by impassable barriers, and that it was impossible for him to advance beyond certain limits. Is it any wonder that he sought to satisfy his burning thirst for truth from some other source, *ab extra*?

Hence was born theology and theogony, which, in course of time degenerated into polytheism and idolatry, if we may be permitted to call that degeneracy which is by some regarded as a blessing. This, however, has no reference to what is named "THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS," which can never sanction polytheism or idolatry by the doctrine of intercommunication between the disembodied spirits of men and those still upon earth; since this doctrine implies the equality of all God's creatures, and can lead only to love and pure christian brotherhood so long as it is guided by reason and truth. David Hume has given us his belief that the idea of monotheism could not have been received by the childlike minds of primitive men without a direct revelation from God, and hence he concludes that polytheism must have been the first religion of mankind.

But the late Mr. Buckle, one of the deepest thinkers of the age, completely demolishes Hume's theory in a few words. He says:

"The premises of Hume's argument are evolved out of his own mind. He reasons deductively from those ideas which his powerful intellect supplied, instead of inductively from the facts peculiar to his subject. It might be

curious to contrast Hume's facts with the entirely different facts which Cudworth, eighty years before, had collected from the same source. Cudworth, who was much superior to Hume in learning and much inferior to him in genius, displayed in his great work on the "Intellectual System of the Universe" a prodigious erudition to prove that in the ancient world the belief in one God was a prevailing doctrine. Hume, who never refers to Cudworth, arrives at precisely opposite conclusions. But while Cudworth drew his inferences from actual history, Hume drew his from his own mind. Cudworth, being more learned, relied on his reading; Hume, having more genius, relied on his intellect. Cudworth first collected the evidence, and then passed the judgment; Hume believed that the sentence of the judge was more important than the quantity or quality of the evidence, that witnesses were likely to prevaricate, and that he possessed in his own mind the surest materials for arriving at an accurate conclusion." [See "Civilization in England."]

We may here be permitted to give a sample of what history teaches in this connection. We could, in fact, quote innumerable, but our space will not admit of more than one just now.

Thirwell, in his history of Greece, informs us that the Pelasgians, who have been regarded as the aborigines of Greece, and who traced their origin directly to Iapetus (the Scripture Japhet, doubtless), were in the habit of offering sacrifices at Dodona, to a divinity to whom they gave neither name nor form, but whose attributes were inconceivably grand, majestic and worthy of all worship.

Now, this fact is not without its weight and significance, when taken in connection with another remarkable fact, quite detached and distinct, which occurred many centuries afterwards.

When the Apostle Paul came to Athens, some two thousand years after the time alluded to by Thirwell, he found there an altar dedicated "to the unknown God," whom he identifies with the great Jehovah, the Lord of the Universe, saying, "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, *Him* I declare unto you God, who made the world and all things there, on whom we live and move and have our being. [Acts xvii., v. 23.]

Now Thirwell tells us that the Athenians claimed to have a greater share of the Pelasgian element and blood than any other people of Greece. It is well known that they styled themselves Autochthones, or aborigines sprung from the soil, and they adopted the grasshopper as the emblem of their country, as it never quits its native land.

This altar, therefore, referred to by Paul, which still remained at Athens up to his time, and which was dedicated to the "unknown god," identical with Jehovah, is a most remarkable proof and testimony in favor of the Pelasgian claims of the Athenians, as well as of the pure Monotheism of that aboriginal race, and the nobility and purity of its descent from its great ancestor, Japhet, the younger son of Noah; but it is also a reproof (and was intended as such) of the degeneracy, idolatry or philosophical Atheism of the learned Athenians, whose disputations on all subjects of scientific research were so famous, but whose moral principles and religious purity were not bettered by their too liberal philosophy.

It was this liberal and accommodating philosophy which, from force of habit, still tolerated and maintained at Athens this altar "to the unknown God," long after the knowledge of his attributes had been lost or forgotten amidst the multiplicity of false gods by whom their attention was distracted and their worship divided, under the names of Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Vulcan, Neptune, Juno, Venus, Minerva, etc., etc.



The wonder is, how did this idea of Polytheism find its way into the minds of men, if Monotheism was a revelation given to man, and commended to his strict observation and fidelity, with the strongest proofs and sanctions of its truth, and accompanied with the most terrible denunciations against those who should violate the solemn injunction given long before it was reiterated to Moses on Mount Sinai: "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them."

We can only allude to a few probabilities as to the manner in which this strange deviation from truth may have been inaugurated.

It would appear that the attributes of the divinity were personified by the vivid imaginations of men of a poetical temperament, God's omnipotence being attributed to one person, as Jupiter, His wisdom to another, as Minerva, His love to another, as Venus, etc. By degrees, as the poetical element became more powerful and popular, these different attributes were painted in such beautiful language, and clothed in such brilliant colors, that the sculptors and painters were tempted to embody these creations of the imagination in breathing forms of marble and of brass, and in all the brightest glow of life, and beauty, and color, on the canvass; till, at length, the fame of their works spread abroad, and excited the astonishment and admiration of mankind. What wonder that the more ignorant or susceptible should be led to "bow down and worship" these "realized ideals," that seemed to satisfy their most earnest cravings after the beautiful, till at length the practice became general; and that making of "graven images" of the divine form or attributes, hitherto prohibited by God himself, and actually forbidden by law in Greece before the time of Pericles, should now not only be sanctioned by custom and practice, but actually en-

couraged by law and perverted religion. And this strange perversion was carried to such lengths at Athens, that a severe penalty was enacted against all who should mutilate the images of the gods or violate the sanctity of their temples, and against all who should dare to dissuade men, by words of warning, from polluting their souls by this new idolatry. The judicial murder of Socrates, who dared to lift his voice in favor of the "unknown God," and to teach the youth of Athens a more sublime theology—which was stigmatized as corrupting the youth—the intolerance and persecution of Plato's doctrines and disciples, the banishment of Alcibiades for mutilating the Statues of Memory, and the general *furore* of religious persecution against the best and greatest men of the times, all testify to the sad change which had taken place in the public mind on these important subjects, and to its demoralizing influences, not only on religion and public and private morals, but eventually on art and science themselves.

For it is impossible for us to lower or degrade our ideal of the Divinity without degrading religion, morality, art, science and every human achievement, whose excellence depends on the perfection, beauty and sublimity of its archetype. This is sufficiently illustrated in the fact that the first impressions left on the human mind by the contemplation of the divine attributes were the most sublime, the most beautiful and the most truthful. The grandeur of the conception of God by Job, by Moses and the prophets, fortunately for the world, eluded all human efforts to embody it in any forms or depict it in any colors. The reflected light from the pages of Homer was less dazzling, and rather courted than repelled artists to attempt the embodiment of his sublime conceptions. These gave us a Praxytiles, an Apelles, and many others of equal merit, because they gave a



true inspiration. On the other hand, the idea of Polytheism, when further expanded and further removed from the true inspiration, has led to coldness, to degradation, to imitation in art.

All this might be avoided by adopting a religion and a philosophy founded on truth. The most perfect civilization, the purest religion and morals, and the highest art are not only compatible

with, but inseparable from, each other; for, if we aspire to perfection in every thing of which our nature is capable, and if we would rise to the sublime limit of our capacity, we must manfully entertain a sublime and worthy idea of the Divinity—the end, and aim, and complement of all our hopes and aspirations!

### SMOKING AND ANTI-SMOKING—A PIPE OF PEACE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

IT was in the fall of 1854 that I found my brother Tom in the hospital at Paducah—sick, wounded, dying—and I shall never forget the then pitiful figure, with its shrunken, white face, that, bolstered upright, watched the waning sunlight and sighed for the conflict of life rather than the peace of death. Strange whims he had, too, about shadowy battalions, which no one ever saw, and snatches of tenderest song would succeed the loud delirium of a soldier's drill. At last one night, when he had been silent a long time, he said, in something of the old, imperious way:

"Get me my pipe, Milly, I must have one more smoke."

"Oh Tom, do you smoke?" I asked, reproachfully; for here let me say we had been educated into a religious abhorrence of tobacco, in any shape, and a pipe or cigar had never been permitted to mingle their plebeian odor with any morning or evening services of brother Tom at home. Therefore I was as much astonished as I could be at any thing, with his great, hollow, black eyes looking at me so intently.

"I learned to smoke at home, Milly. I'm sorry now that I deceived father; but I think it was my fate to smoke, and I am sure it has kept me from worse evils. There is a pipe in my

knapsack; it was Fred's—poor Fred—have you forgotten him, Milly?"

"Forgotten him! Ah! when the sky has lost its blue, and the rose is scentless, and young hearts forget to love, then I, too, may change, and forget all that Fred was—all he might have been, if that fatal bullet had spared him."

I took the pipe—a silver-mounted meerschau from its can, and held it in my hand, as if it had been a living creature. My tears fell upon it as Tom filled it, and with hand that had lost its cunning, tried to light it.

I helped him, and he smoked a little and talked more, rambling on about some girl with blue eyes, telling her that he could never marry her—never; for he was going a long, long journey,—and what made it so dark?—the sun was almost set, wasn't it? I kissed him then and said, "Tom, dear, your pipe is going out."

"Yes, Milly, and I'm going out with it. I'll pray now; I often did when I was smoking and thinking."

Then he put his hands together and prayed in such an easy, childish way, as if he was used to it, and the shadows darkened on the wall, and his voice stopped, but I was looking beyond, crying and thinking, when some one from

the other beds near, said, "He's got his furlough, poor fellow!" Sure enough, he had. I have that meerschaum now; it hangs over the mantle, and a handful of spring violets, plucked from the graves of two soldiers, is in it; and I never catch the fragrance of a pipe or cigar but it sets me to thinking—sometimes to praying.

This is why I advocate moderate smoking and accept it as one of the good things of life, in its temperate form, and apologize for it when it is carried to excess, as one of the smallest and most harmless of masculine vices. Miles O'Reilly appreciated it when he wrote from that tender, generous heart, now cold and pulseless:

"Old pipe, now shattered, bruised and broken,  
I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;  
And still upon thy glowing lid,  
Mid carvings quaint and curious facing,  
Beneath the dust of years half hid,  
The giver's name my eye is tracing."

The anti-smoker urges that smoking is an unclean habit. I assert that a clean man will be a clean smoker; that neatness of character extends to the most remote habits of life, and that the market is productive of smoking sets and meerschaum trays enough to urn all the ashes of all the cigars and pipes in Christendom.

I believe it to be a social habit. A man who can smoke his pipe in peace prefers to do so at home; he likes to see the faces of his wife and children through the delicious haze that makes his domestic atmosphere a sort of Indian summer; he is ready to listen patiently to Johnny's detailed grievances of the day, and to sympathize with him. He stretches out his great long limbs to the glow of the firelight, and basks in the warmth and comfort of home—animal pleasure, the etherial minded critic says. Oh, my dear Christian friend, it is through our animal natures you must reach the soul; you can never divest us of that upon this

side of the golden gates, and if you can touch the electric chord of human sympathy by a spark from a pipe it is just as well as if you kindled it with a coal from the altar, only all men's needs are not the same.

Smoking is apt to make a man good-natured. A great deal of the fuss and fury of every-day life passes off in the safety-valve of a pipe. It is not every one who can put his thoughts into poetry, but every heart has its songs, without words. Some one has said, for the smoker:

"Yes! social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,  
I love thy calm delight."

And some of the sweetest strains that ever poet sung, or the great, throbbing heart of humanity responded to, have been inspired by tobacco.

I don't think a man is apt to be cross with a pipe in his mouth, unless he smokes into the border of exhaustion and irritability. The crossdest, sourest, wryest, wrongest, most puerile man I ever knew, was an anti-smoker; and when he put his hands in his pockets, turned his back to the fire, and worried his poor, pale, patient little wife with his tedious drip-drip of complaint, I did wish I could stop his talk with a pipe, and effervesce in smoke his fermented ill-nature.

Smoking inclines a man to be generous. If I was going to take up a collection for the Fejee Islanders, I should go to the man who smokes. If I wanted help for a poor widow, I should ask the smoker. I never knew a man to stop and take his pipe out of his mouth to tell you that he "would like to give a dime, but"—or to urge any other equally valid reason.

It has been argued by a late influential writer that children who sleep in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke will become weak and stupid, and grow up with large bones and small brains.

Now the healthiest people in the world, who possess the finest heads of hair, and the most perfect teeth, until a late period of life, are the foreigners—English, Irish or German laborers—who, from limited room, are brought up from infancy in just such an atmosphere. Instead, it is to fast living and improper food, lax morals and quack nostrums, the children of to-day are indebted for their inferior physique. Tobacco is the least of all our injurious agents.

It is said to be a low habit. Since there is comfort in tobacco, I am glad it cannot be monopolized by the rich—that from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, its discoverer, down to the Presidency of General Grant, it has been almost as universal and democratic as the water we drink or the air we breathe. Thackeray smoked; Walter Scott smoked. Poets, philosophers, divines—the greatest names in history—come to us fragrant with the aroma of a pipe. The bush-ranger in the wilds of Australia; the Indian on the war-trail; the sailor through his lonely watch on deck; the miner in his deep, dark earth-prison; the priest in his sacerdotal robes; the convict in his cell—they are all members of that order whose badge is a pipe.

It is argued that tobacco is a poison, or it would not make a beginner so deadly sick. Let a child grow up to the age of fourteen years without ever tasting coffee, and then drink a strong cup of that beverage, and the effect would be similar. It is the natural consequence of the introduction of any foreign agent into the system. It is also urged that it induces thirst and is provocative of drinking. I assert, upon the best medical authority, that it produces saliva and insures the secretion of it. It is said to produce insanity. Excess of any kind will develop inherent insanity. It is said to kill people. So does cold water, when injudiciously used; and I doubt not more people die from over-

draughts of water, at a time when the system is relaxed, than from tobacco-smoking.

A young man goes to the theatre every evening, and after the play invites a friend to his room, when he smokes more or less tobacco. It is some time since his last meal—the lightest of the day—was eaten, and his brain has been excited over tragic scenes. The tobacco, instead of soothing him with languidity, as it would in his normal condition, comes into antagonism with every part of his system—with his over-excited brain—with his half-digested meal—with his quickened pulse—and is injurious. He dies of late hours—nervous excitement—the natural consequences of a fast life, and it is laid to the smallest agent in his destruction—tobacco.

I will not here enter into physiological reasoning, or introduce a discussion upon the nature of narcotic or stimulant. One of the oldest men in our state is a constant smoker, Father Dixon of Illinois. I went to see him at his home the coldest day of last winter, intending to ask him some questions relative to tobacco, and was informed that he was out in the woods assisting his men in procuring their next winter fuel. There I found him, without great coat or gloves, his long white hair floating in patriarchial fashion over his shoulders, and his beloved pipe held tenaciously between his teeth; so I argued that, if it were a poison, it was a very slow one, like the old lady's tea.

Smoking is domestic. A man who works all day with his mental faculties does not care to read; he would rather listen and smoke. The little minutiae of employment with which a woman fills up her spare hours, is not for him; he can neither do tatting nor embroidery, nor darn stockings, nor nurse baby, and after the cosy evening meal he can slide into dressing gown and slippers, and drop into a comfortable seat, with

his pipe in his mouth, where he rubs his hands contentedly, and says, "Ah! this is happiness—this is home." I think a woman makes a great mistake when she drives her husband elsewhere to smoke, and says that tobacco makes her sick. The nature of man still holds faint traces of the barbarian. It has less of that perfect civilization which God has bestowed on her who was chosen as the mother of His Son. To man he has denied many of those angelic graces, which were given to woman as elements of power. His tastes and habits are coarser, but do not compound coarseness with sin, and prompt him to take that from which you can never wholly redeem him. A man's fireside—his ain ingle nook—is the nearest place to heaven which he can find. But he is there in the flesh, and his attributes are of the earth earthy. If he is willing to make a sort of Jacob's Ladder out of the tobacco smoke curling upwards, upon which his fancies are as

angels ascending and descending, let him smoke his pipe in peace, assured that there are sermons and prayers far outside of pulpit steps. I cannot more happily close this imperfect apology for smokers, than by giving them this psalm of tobacco:

"The pipe, so illy-like and weak,  
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;  
Thou art e'en such  
Gone with the touch:  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Then thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff,  
Gone with a puff:  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

"And seest the ashes cast away,  
Then to thyself thou mayest say—  
That to the dust  
Return thou must:  
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

"The smoke like burning incense towers—  
So should a praying heart of yours,  
With ardent cries,  
Surmount the skies:  
Thus think and smoke tobacco!"

## THE CITIZEN AS A VOTER.

BY MAT. HAWTHORN.

SUFFRAGE, or the right of voting—just now a theme to which no inconsiderable importance is attached—presupposes two very essential personal qualifications: the liberty and intelligence of the voter. To these the ordinary laws in force in this country append other qualifications, which are considered hardly less necessary, when applied to the state and national governments. These include age, sex and color. The usual restrictions indicate twenty-one years as the period when the white male citizen may deposit his ballot, provided that he possesses some other trifling requisites, such as a steady place of residence, and is a native-born indi-

vidual, or has relinquished his allegiance to any other government. The "property qualification," we are happy to say, is justly unpopular in this country, and he who earns his subsistence by hard manual labor, day by day, may vote as often and as freely as the millionaire who employs him.

The great object of the right of suffrage is representation—representation in the halls of legislation, the courts, and the various executive departments of the state or nation. The groundwork and structure of our republican institutions, dependant upon a proper use of the ballot, may be thus briefly stated: First, the PEOPLE—the "mud-

silla," as an aristocratic politician once defined them—the laboring classes, the producers, the working, thinking PEOPLE, upon whose broad shoulders rests the whole burden of the Government; then the State Legislatures; then the Judiciary; then the State Executive; then the two houses of Congress, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the President—the whole forming a pyramid, a miracle of strength, a constitution that defies foreign aggression or intestinal rupture.

None but a nation of freemen can build up so proud a superstructure. Untrammelled, except by lenient and wholesome laws, the citizen is as free as the air he breathes in the choice of his representatives in the town boards, the city councils, the various courts, the legislatures and the higher branches of the government. Herein lies the liberty which gives force to the right of suffrage and adds dignity thereto. Herein lies the justice of our general laws, the wisdom of our legal tribunals, and all the blessings which we, as a people, are permitted to enjoy. The birthright of every man—the right to live, to acquire property, to follow out lawful inclinations, and to pursue happiness—is expressed in the tiny ballot, and gives it a significance before which potentates have trembled and must ever bend.

But liberty alone is not all that is requisite to give a proper expression to the ballot. It must represent intelligence—a due knowledge and understanding of the requirements of the individual, the township, county, state and nation of which the voter is a citizen. Hence any apparently severe restriction placed upon all who seek representation through the ballot is not to be considered of doubtful utility. The purity and dignity of the right of suffrage are in constant danger from its ignorant and malicious opponents, and must be preserved even if the thunders of the law are brought to its aid. Were

all men equal in intelligence, all alike governed by prudence and virtue, the office of the judges of election might well be dispensed with. But it is the absence of these virtues that requires the erection and maintenance of all of our reformatory institutions; and until the millennium arrives it will not be safe or judicious to remove the present restrictions from the ballot box.

There is no reason why the right of suffrage should be restricted to color, provided that the intelligence of the individual is sufficient for even a superficial understanding of its value. As for the right of woman to vote, much has been said on both sides of the question. The result of the discussion appears to be that in taking up the ballot our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters will lay aside that delicacy which so emphatically distinguishes their sex, and become, more or less, the victims of that "envy, hatred and malice" which marks the masculine politician. It seems to us that woman's influence upon the opinions of her husband, brothers and sons—undeniably great at all times—ought to satisfy her ambition without compelling her to mount the rostrum in the advocacy of her peculiar ideas or of her favorite candidate. Of course, if woman ever becomes eligible to hold offices of trust and emolument in the government, it is no more than just that her sisters should have a voice in her selection; and in defence of her alleged equality—her right to equal protection with man under the laws, her right to own and dispose of her personal property and income—she is, at least, entitled to a respectful hearing, even if we vote against her. And if negroes and women may acquire full representation in our legislatures, the courts, Congress or the Cabinet, let it never be done by sacrificing the right of suffrage to ignorance or vice, under whatever garb they come to the polling booth.

## THE WEDDED WATERS.

BY MRS. A. WILTSE.

**F**AR from life's busy scenes and bustling crowds,  
Where snow-crowned mountains fondly kiss the clouds,  
Missouri, daughter of the glorious West,  
Sprang into light.

Pure infant streamlet, like a silver thread  
Unwinding seaward, as by fancy led,  
Thou fall'st from craggy rocks in bright cascades  
And crystal rills.

Earth's garnered treasures yield a gleam of ore,  
A touch of beauty from her precious store;  
From hidden cleft thou comest murmuring forth  
O'er sands of gold.

The gathered waters from unnumbered streams,  
Brewed 'mid the rocks, distilled in deep ravines,  
Unite with babbling brooks from gushing springs,  
To swell thy form.

Streamlet no longer, but a river grand—  
Broad, rushing, regal, proudest in the land—  
Sweep onward; in thy mighty majesty  
Thou reign'st a queen.

From distant clime, where pure Itasca glows,  
Great Mississippi, fed by northern snows,  
With waves murmur'ing sweet music, southward sped  
To claim his bride.

Ere yet the Indian, in his birch canoe,  
With arrowy speed adown the waters flew,  
In fond embrace the beauteous rivers met,  
Never to part.

Sun, moon and stars joined in the marriage chimes;  
All nature's voices woke in heavenly rhymes;  
No human presence marred the glorious scene  
Of perfect joy.

Lo! in a mighty and harmonious one,  
The wedded waters sweep beneath the sun,  
Brightening the shores while journeying oceanward  
With ceaseless flow.

Whether in ice-locked fetters winter-bound,  
Or softly flowing with melodious sound,  
Flashing in sunshine, whitening in the storm,  
United still.

Symbol most perfect of a marriage true,  
By hosts attempted, but attained by few;  
Union sublime—two blended into one—  
Forevermore!

## THE OLD AGE OF CONTINENTS.

BY ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

"**T**IME writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow," said Byron, as he laid his hand upon old ocean's mane, "Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now." Byron had wandered in poetic reverie amongst the vestiges of ancient empires, and sighed to think how the greatest works of human genius dissolve to dust. He had saddened, perhaps, at the thought of his own inevitable fate, and fancied that in the "deep and dark blue ocean" only, could be discerned "the image of eternity." Had Byron learned that the seven hills themselves, on which had sat imperial Rome, were but the vestiges of an older order of things, and that even solid continents have crumbled like the Coliseum, a deeper tinge would have colored his habitual melancholy. Happy had it been for Byron could he have practiced the belief in the existence and eternity of his own spirit which he sometimes confessed; for there is nothing but spirit which bears "the image of eternity."

The "everlasting hills"—the fancied types of solidity and endurance—are but a passing phase in the history of terrestrial matter. The mountain's sullen brow has frowned where quiet vales expand themselves to the morning light, and fields and cities smile where rugged cliffs and abysmal gorges long delayed the advent of a race that had been heralded through the geologic ages.

Even continents have their lifetime. They germinate; they grow; they attain to full expansion and beauty; they fulfill their mission in the economy of matter and of life; the furrows of senescence channel their wasted faces, and they return to mud and slime, whence they were born. The very substance of

the solid floors which underlie the soil of American freedom, is but the dust of continents decayed. As modern cities are sometimes built from the ruins of ancient temples on whose sites they stand, so the dwelling place prepared for man by the hand of Nature is but the reconstructed material of a more ancient continent, the work of Nature's "prentice hand." The vertical thickness of fifty thousand feet of sedimentary strata measures the depth of the rubbish accumulated from mountain cliffs and continental slopes that have been transformed by the wand of time. We sometimes forget that the total volume of our stratified rocks is but an index of the denudations and obliterations that have been wrought. Much calcareous material has, indeed, been yielded by the sea; but the sea first filched it from the land.

The revelation made by every formation which we study, from the bottom to the top of the Paleozoic series, points to the north and northeast as the origin of the stream of sediments that spread over the bottom of the American lagoon which stretched as a broad and shallow ocean from the rising, but yet submarine, slopes of the Alleghanies on the east, to the embryonic ridges of the Rocky Mountains on the west. Northeastward of the present continent have undoubtedly existed supplies of incalculable magnitude, of which but the merest vestiges remain. The geologist leads us to the region north of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence River, and points out the Laurentide Ridge as the nucleus of the eastern portion of our continent. Around its bases has been wrapped layer upon layer of accumulating sediments,



till the ocean has been banished from a broad belt of his ancient dominion. But this, instead of being the real nucleus of the American continent, is but the vestige of that nucleus. How vastly inferior in height and breadth, and especially in northeastward prolongation, to that primordial continent whose crumbling shores and denuded slopes afforded material for the broad sheets of Silurian, Devonian and Carboniferous strata which stretch a thousand miles in every direction! Where lay the dissolving lands which furnished substance for the ponderous Alleghanies? It must be that vast areas have disappeared from view. Though we believe, with Dana, that the modern continents were outlined in primeval time, and the ocean still reposes in his ancient bed, we must not be too exact in the enunciation of our faith. The Aleutian islands, stretching from Alaska across the North Pacific, are but the protruding vertebrae of an eroded ancient ridge which welded the Orient to the Occident. New England, Gaspé, the Labrador elbow—these all reach toward the site of an obliterated prolongation—a friendly arm of the American continent stretched out to greet the continental arm of Europe extended from the British Archipelago toward America. Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's, Anticosti—these are but the highest summits of that wasted ridge, as Ireland and Great Britain are the relics of the ridge responsive to this upon the European side. The submarine plateau, along whose back creeps the great Atlantic Cable, though sunken ten thousand feet beneath the reach of further denudation, is but the stump of an ancient continent that has been gnawed to the very foundations. It is interesting to reflect that advancing civilization has at last re-established the amicable intercommunication of two continents, which had been embraced, perhaps, in the ordinations of primeval time.

Such are the reminiscences of a wasted continent of which the Laurentide nucleus is but a trace. We stand upon this venerable relic of long-forgotten lands, and the current of time sweeps by, bearing upon its dark bosom the wrecks of other continents born of earthquake and flood in the later ages of terrestrial history. But though we intend to rescue from oblivion the tales inscribed upon these disappearing ruins, thought lingers fondly and reverently and inquiringly around the scorched and beaten brow of this Laurentide Ridge. What was its mother? And where was its birth-place? These ancient granites and thickly-bedded gneisses—thrice baked and crystallized by the fiery ordeals through which they have passed—bear, nevertheless, the ineffaceable traces of old ocean's work. Here are the lines of sediment which betray the parentage of these hardened and storm-beaten rocks. Back into another cycle of eternity imagination plunges in search of that more ancient land that was reconstructed in this "primordial" ridge. To say that it did not exist, is to say that old ocean could pile up masonry without a supply of bricks and mortar. In the realm of thought, that earlier land looms up; but its bounds and borders are obscured by the overhanging fogs which haunt the early twilight of time. The skies themselves are strange, and our science gropes for the data which shall fix the latitude and longitude of this undiscovered land. Was it still another pile of rocks reared by the labors of water? Or was it a mass of ancient slag, the first-born products of primeval refrigeration of a molten globe? There was an earliest land—a dome of lava just cooled from the fiery abyss of molten matter—a film of frozen dolerite or porphyry stretched around the fluent globe—a solid floor on which descended from the gathered clouds the waters which formed a sea without a shore.

There must have been a time when the surges were first summoned to their work. To assert, with Hall, that it is idle to dream of such a beginning, because, forsooth, the traces of the morning's work have been obliterated by the operations of mid-day, is to plunge into the fallacies of the too fashionable nesience philosophy, and to assert that there is no knowledge but that which the senses certify.

We turn now our thoughts down the stream of time, and note the relics of later revolutions. Not for eternity were laid the floors of the Old Red Sandstone strata which once stretched, perhaps, from the Catskills to Massachusetts Bay. Not for eternity were reared the Appalachian summits whose elevation celebrated the close of Paleozoic time. The Catskills are but a pile of horizontal strata, spared by the gigantic denudations which scraped the face of New England to the bone, and washed away a third of the Empire State. The continuation of the Catskill strata is discovered again in Pennsylvania, Western New York, Ohio and Michigan. Who shall undertake to delineate the topography, the drainage, the vegetation, the populations of that ancient New England surface which now lies strewn, perhaps, from the bottom of Long Island Sound to the further shores of Jersey? Who shall write an epic on the fortunes of that mythical forefather land? The summits of the Alleghanies, geologists tell us, have settled down some thousands of feet. Their huge, protruding folds, plaited together in compact array, have been planed down to their innermost core; and from the chips have been produced the lowlands of the south Atlantic border—like the water-front raised in a modern city by carting down the sand-hills in the rear. The very coal-beds interwoven in their stony structure are but the fossilized swamps of an ancient continental surface that has disappeared—clothed

once by forest trees whose family types have dropped from the ranks of existence, and populated by those strange amphibians—half fish, half reptile—which, like the fabled Colossus, bridged the chasm between two dominions.

There was a long and mediæval time in American history of which our records are mostly lost. The coal lands had been finished; the atmosphere had been purged; the Appalachians had been raised, and from their bases stretched westward beyond the destined valley of the Mississippi, an undulating upland but lately redeemed from the dominion of interminable bogs. The western border of this land skirted a mediterranean sea, through which probably the Gulf Stream coursed from the tropics to the frozen ocean. Here was accumulated a soil; here descended genial rains; here flourished tropical plants; and here wound majestic rivers, fed by their hundreds of tributary streams. All traces of this ancient continent have disappeared. Terrestrial animals must have populated the spacious forests; insects uttered their sleepy hum amid the luxuriant foliage of evergreen Voltzias, and sluggish Labyrinthodonts crawled from beneath the shade of perennial Cycads. This ancient home of vegetable and animal life spread over the States of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois and Kentucky, and all the region contiguous to these. River channels were dug, whose very locations we seek in vain. Cities and villages and verdant farms now stand upon the sites above which waved a sombre forest whose every trace has been wiped from the face of the continent, while the very soil in which their roots were bedded has been transported to the Gulf of Mexico. Those broad and fertile plains performed their part in the history of terrestrial preparations, and, like the pictures on the lithographer's stone, they have been completely erased, to be suc-

ceeded by the next scene in the succession of continental landscapes.

There was an ancient surface on which was growing the cinnamon, the plane tree, the magnolia, and other tropical and sub-tropical forest-growths. It stretched from the borders of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific, and from the Mexican Gulf to the shores of the frozen ocean. It was the American continent, now first extending its limbs after a protracted embryonic growth. We are not positively informed whether, to the east of the Mississippi, this continent was the continuation, in time, of that which resulted from the changes closing the Carboniferous Age; but we well know, since Dr. Newberry's explorations, that in the far west, over the Colorado plains, was a vast region which had but recently emerged from the bed of ocean waters. Here lies the "great central plateau" of the continent, formed of vast, stony sheets, piled one above the other, which have never been tilted from their approximate horizontality since the beginning of Paleozoic time. And here, again, we are led to inquire, whence so vast an amount of sedimentary material, strewn through Paleozoic, Mesozoic and Tertiary ages, over the bottom of that broad continental ocean? Where now those wide-extended lands or towering mountain ridges whose dissolving substance yielded sand and cement for the Titanic masonry of a new-made continent? Wherever it was, and whatever it was, the "tooth of time" has gnawed it to a skeleton. It is a continent of the past, worn out by the uses to which nature has subjected every continental area in turn, and which to-day are wearing out and destroying the land on which, for the passing time, the human race, like those which have preceded it, has found a momentary foothold.

But the great central plateau, once freshly formed from the older lands which were exhausted in its formation,

is, in turn, but the ruins of a former fruitful and smiling region. For nearly a thousand miles in breadth, and probably two thousand miles in length—stretching from the Mormon monarchy southward, far into the republic of Mexico—a frightful desert reigns. Naked rocks and thirsty sands, and shrubless, treeless wastes, are only diversified by yawning chasms and dismal canons, and Cyclopean walls rising in the distance from height to height, like the gigantic steps by which the monster Typhon scaled the realm of Jove. Once on a time a thousand mountain streams leaped down upon this plain, and gathered themselves by degrees together, and grew into the majestic Colorado, which glided quietly, or by occasional falls, into the Gulf of California—itself now shrunken to half its former dimensions. At intervals, expanded crystal lakes, turning their mirror surface toward the sun as cheerfully as ever smiled Lake George. The incumbent atmosphere drank copiously from the abundant waters, and returned its deluges of thanks in cooling summer showers. Thus herb and shrub and forest-tree rejoiced, alternately, in smiling sunlight and refreshing rain. The great central plateau was the prairie region of the continent. It was this, perhaps, while the region east of the Mississippi was lying a worn-out desert waste, unrenovated since the age which witnessed the elevation of the Alleghanies. But the ceaseless erosion of running streams, for thousands of years unnumbered, has sunken the water-courses of the central plateau to the depth of hundreds and thousands of feet; every lake is drained; the local supply of moisture has disappeared; the streams have withered in their ancient channels; vegetation has retreated to the mountain slopes; the giant *Cereus* alone rears its spectre form, like a ghostly visitant, to the graves of its former kindred.

There is reason to believe, that before the advent of the glacier epoch, nearly the whole of North America was a worn-out continent. It is possible, however, that most of the denudation of the central plateau has occurred during and since the prevalence of glaciers over the northeastern portion of the continent. As to the region east of the Mississippi, however, we know that it was an upland continental area, while even the rocky foundations of the great plateau were accumulating in the bottom of an ocean. It is difficult to conceive how this eastern region, on the advent of the glacier epoch, could have presented a surface less eroded and desert than that which the Colorado valley presents to-day. Vegetation, undoubtedly, held possession of the borders of the water-courses; and it must be remembered the conditions of atmospheric precipitation were, even at that time, as much superior to those of the arid western plains as they now are. Nevertheless, the local sources of humidity had mostly dried up, and the ancient rivers had sunken hundreds of feet, into dismal gorges, that were destined to be their graves. Traces of these fossil river channels are frequently encountered. Dr. Newberry has pointed out their existence in Ohio, and General Warren has more recently indicated their presence in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakotah. The latter has also shown that a depression of the northeastern region of the continent, which is even now in progress, has turned northward and eastward the drainage of Winnipeg and other lakes which once poured their surplusage through the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers.

The great glacier, in its movement over the surface of the Northern States, together with changes of level, and the action of torrents of water springing from the bosom of the dissolving ice-field, has totally transformed the face of

this portion of the continent. The ancient river courses have been filled; the rugged, eroded and naked rocks have been re-clothed with fresh materials for vegetable sustenance; the surface is again strewn with streaming lakes; and plants and animals, and man himself, find, in the renovated continent, the fitting conditions of their prosperity.

But this last state of things can no more be permanent than that which has preceded. The present continent is destined to experience the symptoms of senescence and decay. Every year the untiring streams transport new portions of the land into the bottom of the ocean. The Alleghanies mingle their tribute to the sea with that which is yielded by the distant Rocky Mountains. From age to age the mountain tops are descending to the plain; the rounded hills are shrinking; the gorges are deepening; the changing vegetal growths are responding to the changing conditions; the present is passing away; once more the wrinkles of age will furrow the face of the continent, and the populous organisms which had found a fitting home upon it will exist no more. The valley of the Mississippi is no more fertile than was once the valley of the Colorado. We read in the present condition of the latter, the destiny which awaits the former. The slow but inevitable steps are in progress before our eyes. The "image of eternity" can be discerned neither in the ocean, which is but an instrument for the accumulation of solid land, nor in the rocky foundations of the land, which, from cycle to cycle, are re-wrought into the masonry of renovated continental surfaces. Man himself, who populates but one of these successive "time-worlds," is destined to yield to impending revolution. Human history is but a scene in the moving panorama of life, and its term is no less certain than that of the Mesozoic

saunians. It may be the last scene; we believe it is the last; but its limitations are inscribed upon the scroll of the geologic ages, and proclaimed in the events of the passing hour.

Neither can the series of continental renovations continue without limit. The time must come when the earth will be "in the sere and yellow leaf." The forces which hoist a continent dripping from the depths of a recent ocean will be weary of their labors. Already they act with greatly lessened energy. These, like all other forces, are seeking rest. Equilibrium and stagnation are the goal of all mechanical activities. Uplifted mountains, denuded continents, obliterated seas, appearing and disap-

pearing races—these all are but the incidents of the progress of all terrestrial forces to a state of ultimate repose. Not only has nature fixed the limits of our race; she has equally staked out the duration of the present terrestrial order, and proclaimed in the ears of all intelligences that the flow of events which we trace so clearly to a remote beginning is destined, in the distant future, to be merged again in ancient chaos. So the perpetuity of cosmical order is not insured by the laws of matter alone. An omniscient Arm begins, sustains, controls the evolutions of the successive cycles of material history.

## SKETCHES FROM MEMORY—II.

BY DR. SIDEVIEW.

**THE BLACK HOUSE AND ITS OWNER.**—I think that first impressions, as to moral propensities, are the most reliable—that the first estimate of one's character, for good or evil, is the correct one. No matter what changes one's opinion may subsequently undergo, something is sure to occur, at some time, to remind one of that first thought—something to strengthen the confidence, or increase the distrust. So confident am I of the correctness of this theory, that I will make no exception.

Regarding the mental capacities, we may often err; for there is more complication, and more time is required for a proper estimate. We may tell good or evil at first sight, but we can not hope to judge of a person's abilities by casual acquaintance, except in rare cases.

In the spring of '57, business called me from York State to Fort Wayne, Indiana. I took the Lake Shore route

to Toledo, changing cars there for Fort Wayne.

The coach that I entered was well filled, only one seat vacant, and not a very desirable one, at that. I took it, however, hoping for something better before I reached my journey's end.

Before the train started, a lady, plainly dressed and thickly veiled, entered the car. I waited with some curiosity to see who would offer her a seat, but not one of all that she passed was at her service. She walked the length of the car to the end where I was sitting, and I, almost ashamed of my sex, arose and gave her my own.

She sank into it so wearily that I looked at her again before I turned away. She lifted her veil and thanked me, revealing a face so pale and wan, that I wondered at her being there without an escort, or even at all.

There were deep grief-lines, too, in that face, from which I read a tale of

suffering, and the eyes were deep with melancholy; yet I detected a faint trace of joyful expectation in them, which gave me hope that the heavy burden was lifting—that the reward was near at hand. Ah! it was nearer than I thought, or hoped.

And this woman, this stranger, whom I had never seen before, impressed me with the belief that she was all that was good and true. I could see no sin, no wrong in that face, and I was moved to pity.

At the next station several passengers left the car, affording me a seat directly behind this lady; and thus we rode all the way to Fort Wayne, arriving there in the evening.

I arose to leave the car, but something peculiar in the position of the lady in front of me attracted my attention. I leaned forward and spoke to her, thinking that she might have fallen asleep, but she neither answered nor moved. I then drew aside the veil, and saw that she had swooned.

Calling for assistance, we removed her to the waiting-room.

"You are wasting your time and your pity," said a man—I will not call him gentleman—that had followed us from the car.

"She is sick, and a stranger in a strange city," I replied.

I think he felt the rebuke, but he replied, with assumed carelessness:

"She has brought it upon herself, and you will have your hands full if you minister to the wants of all like her."

Yet I could not doubt that face. No, not if all the world were against me. That there was wrong somewhere, I could not doubt; but she was only the victim.

I applied restoratives, and she revived. I then had her conveyed to a private house—I have never forgotten the Christian family that took her in—and procured every possible comfort, and the best care that could be found.

I prolonged my stay in the place far beyond my first intentions. The poor woman looked upon me as her best friend, and surely I could not leave her. How small a matter for me, but how great to her!

I remained until all her earthly troubles were over, following the mother and the child to one grave.

From her own lips I learned but little of her past life—not enough to clear away the doubts; yet I held to my first impression. A feeling of sadness comes over me now, as I write of her, and think what might have been. The trusting love, the patience, the courage, the self-denial of this woman, has few equals. Yet it could not be avoided. A similar case may not be found once in a thousand lives, and I pray it may not. But it left its blight, the broken heart, the earthly misery, only to be canceled by a happiness beyond the grave.

"You will find him?" she said, when she knew that the end was near.

"I will."

"You will tell him that I was on the way? Tell him that I never blamed him?"

"I will."

"And you will bid him good-by for me?"

These were her last words.

I did find him, and I told him all.

I traveled by rail as far as I could. Then I procured a horse for the remainder of the journey.

The directions that she gave me were not very distinct, therefore I was obliged to ask my way.

"It is just twelve miles from the corporation line to the northeast corner of the forty acres. Drive yonder to the red barn; take the left across two eighties; angle across another eighty—all belongs to Kidd—and you'll come out to what we call the quarter-line school-house. Take the north and south road for two miles, then cut across the peaira till you strike the section-line,



and just five miles further you'll come to the Black house, painted white, with a corn-crib on the south side, some popple (poplar) trees in front, and a piece of summer fallow behind."

All this was given me in exchange for the simple question: "How far to the Black house?" Whatever else may be said of the Indianians, they certainly will answer a question.

I thanked the man, not for the information, for there was too much of it, but for his generous good will. I did want to ask him another question, but it was growing late, and I thought it best not to encumber my brain with any more forties and eighties, and quarter and section lines. So I bade him good-day, and started on.

I arrived at the "red barn" all right; but I could not recollect whether I must turn to the right or the left. "Just twelve miles from the corporation line to the northeast corner of the forty" was still fresh in my mind, but all else was a hopeless mixture. Just where I was to angle across another "eighty," and strike across the "peraira," was not clear to me. However, I ignored the old maxim, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and substituted one more suitable to the occasion—"Go ahead, and trust to luck."

Bearing in mind my late experience, I avoided two men that were coming down the road, and by so doing fortunately took the right track; and crossing the "two eighties," angling across another "eighty," I found the "quarter-line school-house."

There again I was at a loss; but knowing that I wanted to go south, I took the road accordingly, arriving at the point where I was to strike across the "peraira." I should have said points, for there were roads, or wagon tracks, in all directions, any one of which would apparently take me across. I deliberated but a moment, took the "inside" track, and found the section

line road. From there it was plain sailing to the "northeast corner of the forty."

I never doubted the man's word in regard to the distance; albeit I did wonder how many miles it was across the corporation, and how far I was from the line when he directed me. But, then, twelve miles is a long distance to put on the end of a day's journey—especially in Indiana.

The man's description of the Black house was perfect as far as it went. The building was, or had been, painted white. The corn-crib was there on the south side of the house. I called it a rail-pen; and I could see no earthly use for it, there being no corn in it, nor growing within sight. The "popple" trees were there, four tall sentinels standing guard over the house; and there was the summer fallow in the rear.

I could not mistake the place; and he had given me a description plain enough for all practical purposes; yet it was not complete. There were other things about the place just as conspicuous, to my eye, as those he had named.

There were the old bee-gums—fixtures of the place, judging from the dead stalks of the old last-year weeds that were standing around them. They were not suggestive of any great amount of sweet, for the bees were not there.

There were half-a-dozen porkers sleeping in front of the door—fixtures also, I think; for I saw them at every house that I passed, all bearing a wonderful resemblance to those in front of this Black house.

There were several straw-covered sheds, or huts; a pile of wood, "sled-length," and a monstrous well-sweep.

The house itself was a curious mixture of lumber, shingles and nails, jumbled together without regard to taste, comfort or convenience. The doors were where the windows should have been, and the windows were anywhere but in the right place. I could not tell of



what the chimney was composed, for it hid itself so shyly down in the hole cut in the roof that I could see nothing but a little wreath of smoke coming from the place where it should have been.

The place generally had an air of desolation that was quite painful. No fences, no crops, and the rank weeds visible everywhere.

I was disappointed. It was not such a place as I supposed that the man *she* had wished me to find would occupy; nor was it like those around it. It was a dark spot of neglect and poverty, bounded on all sides by thrift and plenty. Yet, when I heard the whole story, I did not wonder that the owner had no heart in it.

I never saw but one man that I considered a suitable person to inhabit this forlorn-looking Black house, and that was the man that answered my knock at the door. He certainly must have been born and reared upon the place, for in no other way could he have learned to wear such a woe-begone expression. Could this be John Black? Was this the man that won the love of the woman that sent me? I could not think it so; and I believe if he had told me so I should have disputed him.

"Come in, stranger."

I followed him in.

"Take a seat."

I hardly knew what on; but my host solved the problem by kicking a box toward me.

"Business?"

"Yes, sir. I am looking for the Black house."

"Couldn't get nigher, if ye had tried a week."

I feared to ask him if he was John Black. I looked at the stove, all cracked and burned; looked at the rough board walls, and at the dirty floor; at the bundle of straw—a bed, I think; and then I looked at the man, hoping that he would give me the information; but he said not a word.

"You are Mr. John Black?"

"My name is Tom Brown."

I do not know what the man thought of my ill-concealed gratification at hearing his name, but I know that I was pleased to learn that he was not the man I was looking for.

"Black will be here afore long. He's gone into the back lot, and he don't like to be disturbed."

John Black entered soon after, and he came nearer to my ideas of what he should be. A large man, of prepossessing appearance, gentlemanly manners, and the most self-possessed person I ever met.

He welcomed me with a quiet, well-bred grace, expressing a regret that he could not offer me better accommodations. Then he turned to Tom Brown.

"Mr. Brown, what have we for supper?"

Tom went to a box, the counterpart of the one I was using in place of a chair, and took an inventory of stock.

"Three hen's eggs and one goose egg, a chunk of bacon, two onions and three sweet potatoes, and some corn cakes."

"It is sufficient, Mr. Brown. Prepare the food, and then to supper."

It was no easy task for me to converse with this man, John Black, knowing what I did and suspecting even worse; and I was not sorry when Brown announced supper.

After the meal, which, by the way, was not so unseamy or unpalatable as one might suppose from the paucity of materials used, Tom Brown went out. Then John Black assumed a very different manner.

"Doctor," said he, "I have gathered enough from your words to guess your mission; but you are too late. Come with me."

I followed him without a word.

The moon was at its full, shedding a soft, silvery light over the earth, and casting shadows before us—a type of

the sorrow that was in store for this man that I had found for her.

He led me to the back end of the place, to a little grove of maples. Just visible through the shadows was a little white slab—it is all we can ever do for those that go before us—and there I followed him. With bared head he seated himself on the ground.

"I said it was too late," said he. "Too late for Anna. She lies in this new-made grave—my first love—my wife. God knows I tried to do what was right, and I think I made her happy. She never knew of my wickedness. But was it wickedness? I can not think so. No, no; I did not mean it. Do you know it all, doctor? Well, I will tell you.

"I was young when I married Anna. She was an artless child, beautiful as a dream, and if ever man loved woman I loved her. We were so happy!

"One summer she desired to visit some friends across the water. I could not leave my business, so I allowed her to go with some friends of mine.

"The vessel was wrecked and all on board lost. So they told me—but I could not believe it.

"I closed up my business, selling everything but this place; and I should have sold this, if I had found a purchaser. Then commenced my search for Anna.

"I spent many years and nearly every dollar, but I could learn nothing. Everything seemed to confirm the first reports, and I returned, hopeless.

"A few more years, and I married again. She was so like my lost Anna; not in looks, but in her ways. I married her, and we were happy for a little while; then came trouble. Anna had returned; she that I had searched for had been found at last. A few short months sooner, and I should have been the happiest of men. Now, what could I do?

"The shock was terrible, almost craz-

ing me. I never could have survived but for my second wife. She was *my wife* as truly as Anna. She knew about my former marriage, and I told her that Anna was living.

"How calmly she listened to my words! She was the noblest of women, Doctor, and what misery I brought upon her!

"*'You must go to Anna,'* said she; *'I am nothing to you now. Go, and never let her know. God be with you, and may you be happy.'*

"Man was never placed in a more trying position. I went. What else could I do? Was it not my duty? Yet I was ruining the happiness of as noble a woman as the world ever saw; and that Anna might not know, my last marriage was kept secret. Yes, I made one miserable, the other happy. Think you I was happy? I would not wish to live another six months like the last. The pale, patient face of Laura was ever with me, just as I saw it last; and her deep mournful eyes seemed to look at me so wistfully! How she must have suffered!

"Poor Anna was sick when I went back to her. I never left her side. The doctors advised a change of air, and I brought her here. Not to that house, but a kind neighbor's. She only lived a few hours."

He paused awhile, looking at the new-made grave.

"Poor Anna! she has left me now. God take care of her."

Again he paused, and so long that I ventured to speak.

"Let us go back."

I could not bear to tell him of Laura's death, so near to Anna's grave.

He passed his arm within my own, and we went back.

"Doctor, I have written to Laura," he whispered, "and she must be on the way now. Was I wrong?"

"You are too late."

"What!"

"Laura, too, lies in a new-made grave. She was on her way."

"Oh, God! I should have waited."

Then he stopped, and turned my face, so that the moonlight fell full upon it.

"Tell me that again!"

"She was on her way. I was with her to the last. She never blamed you."

"Thank God for that! I should have waited."

"The child lies with its mother."

He threw himself upon the grass, and I passed on to the house. I could not intrude upon such grief.

I waited for hours. At last he came.

"I have conquered," said he, pressing my hand. "It was a struggle."

I could not doubt it. He had changed so within those short hours.

"For a long time I felt in my heart that there was no hope, that the future was a blank, and what little of life there was left was hopeless misery. I cursed God, and wished that I, too, might be

laid in the grave. But at last peace came to me, and I can say now, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

Twelve years have passed, and he is the same sorrow-stricken man; but he is at peace with all the world, and with his Maker.

There are two graves, now, where I saw but one.

Divided in life, he has brought them near together, in death—those two that he wronged so unmeaningly. The time is coming when he will be laid beside them.

The Black house has lost its desolate appearance. He lives there in seclusion.

If you ask the neighbors, they will tell you strange stories of the Black house and its owner, but can not tell you the truth, as I have told you. Ah, no! If they knew it, they would not shun John Black as they do now. What does he care? His hopes lie beyond this life. May he find the happiness there that has been denied him here!

## INCIDENT OF LONG AGO.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

OH, the uncounted human lives, made noble and sublime, that go down into the sea of oblivion and leave no written trace behind, save, perhaps, the still lingering, time-dimmed record on the slant surface of some moss-grown stone! Beautiful lives; lives that have combined a martyr's heroism with a peasant's obscurity; lives of wonderful patience and self-denial; of suffering and sorrow unmeasured by any save the All-seeing One; lives seemingly guided alone by

—"Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
And miscreator."

These go down among the many, but do not their separate influences, if growing fainter, go on, in widening and expanding waves, even to the very shores of time?

No martyr was my great-great-grandmother—no wonderful life was hers; yet as an instance of courageous persistence under difficulties, and as evidence that all the "strong-mindedness" of the sex is not monopolized by women of the nineteenth century, these incidents in her life are related.

In some of those years when King

George the Third reigned over England and also the American Colonies, my great-great-grandfather was a sea-captain and owner of his ship. Many a time had the good vessel carried valuable cargo to foreign shores and returned with still more precious freight. Brocade silks, and satins of richest texture, royal velvets that a queen might wear—these formed at least a portion of the costly burden; for are not some remnants of robes they made at this moment in possession of the writer? But never a *slave*, save once. It happened in this way:

The captain was dining at the elegant table of an East India nabob; a young slave in attendance accidentally upset a plate of soup over the costly robe of the mistress; instantly the master arose, furious, and seizing a carving-knife from the table, sprang towards the kneeling girl as if to plunge it in her bosom. Captain Holman instantly stood between, and demanded the price of the girl. It was stated, and he immediately handed the sum and claimed the grateful slave.

During the homeward voyage, the captain often talked of the darling child, his youngest born, who should become her special charge, and the fond black greatly anticipated the time when she should see the "pretty pickininy for poor Peggy to love." Deep was her grief, as well as that of the devoted father, on their arrival home, to learn that the little one had gone in charge of angels on a heavenly voyage.

Captain Holman had garnered a goodly supply of riches, and now, as he contemplated another voyage, his good wife pleaded with him to leave the sea and dwell in safety with his loved ones.

"Only this once more," he said, in reply to her tearful solicitations; "I shall double my wealth by this one voyage, and I promise you it shall be my last."

Prophetic words! it proved his last

indeed; but never did he return to find sweet rest in that dear Connecticut home. Long and weary months the wife, with blanching cheeks, watched less and less hopefully for the coming of him she loved, till at last a few sad words were brought, and grief took the place of suspense. The ship had been captured by pirates, the crew murdered or taken prisoners, and the captain conveyed in chains to a foreign shore, and there, confined in a dungeon, had fallen a victim to disease and found release only in death.

The sorrowing widow was given but short time to weep over her loss: the care of her young family and the property demanded all her thoughts and time. The greater part of her husband's fortune had been invested in that last disastrous voyage, and now even the remnant was in danger—a suit having been instituted against her by a heartless and unprincipled man.

The day for the trial of the case in court drew near, and on the afternoon previous Mrs. Holman gave her final charges to the servants, tenderly kissed the little ones, and mounted her own pet horse for the lonely ride to Hartford village. She reached the eastern bank of the Connecticut before dusk, and leaving her horse in safe keeping, was rowed across the river, whose ruffled waves showed the influence of a rising storm. Proceeding at once to a hotel, she called for refreshments, and then retired to her room to inspect anew the important papers on which so much depended. Imagine the thrill of disappointment that shot through her heart like a pain, when she discovered that the most valuable document, one on which she more than any other relied for the success of her cause, was certainly missing!—in some unaccountable manner displaced, perhaps by childish fingers, and left at home!

There was no alternative but to retrace those dreary miles, and at once;

her case was to be called early in the morning, and no one but herself could search for the mislaid paper. Alone she went out into the deepening gloom, and pressing against the rushing winds found her way to the boatman's house, and made known her desire to cross the river.

The man looked at her in astonishment. "It is impossible," he said; "the river is in a perfect fury now, it is dark as a pocket, and there is a terrible storm a-coming; by the time you might get back it will be so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face!"

"Here is gold; I *must* go at all events," urged my great-great-grandmother.

"Not for love or money will I cross the river again this night," declared the boatman.

"Can I have the boat?" she inquired in a decided tone.

"The boat is there, you can take it if you like, but I will not be responsible," warned the man.

The glance of scorn which fell on his face from those dark eyes was not soon forgotten. Laying down an equivalent for the boat, the undaunted woman turned from the door and proceeded to the water's edge. Unfastening the boat, after some delay, she sprang in and grasped the oars. At the same instant, greatly to her surprise, a man stepped out of the darkness and, going past her, seated himself at the opposite end of the boat. Not a word did she utter, and the figure maintained equal silence. It was hard rowing for that delicately-bred woman, but she asked for no assistance, and none was offered by the strange unknown who sat with folded arms, as she dimly discerned.

The opposite shore was gained at last, and securing the boat, Mrs. Holman aroused the wondering inmates of the nearest house, obtained her horse, and started on her dismal way. The night grew more tempestuous, the wind

blew a perfect hurricane, the rain came in driving gusts against her face, and the darkness rendered her progress slow and difficult. The tall trees clashed their branches overhead, and strange moanings floated past and died away in the unseen distance. Never were miles so long, but the faithful steed had conquered them at last, and the anxious woman was in the warmth of her own cheerful room. There, with a thankful heart, she discovered the precious document, and changing her dripping garments she sat for one hour before the glowing fire-place. But the roads were each moment becoming worse, and should the rain fall in greater torrents the intervening streams might, by morning, become impassable; so, breathing a prayer over her sleeping children, she protected herself as well as possible, and once more went out into the night of storms.

Upon arriving at the river's bank she found the boat still safely moored, and there, too, in the opposite end, still rose the dim outline of the silent man!

It was no illusion; there he sat, a figure dark and motionless, against the yet blacker night.

Wearied and almost breathless with exertion, my great-great-grandmother yet plied the oars with energy, and with well-directed strokes pushed through the angry waves and touched the hardly-gained shore. Fastening the boat securely, without a remark to the man or shadow in it, she walked calmly into the village and sought her room in the quaint little inn. There she rested, but with no thought of sleep, until the gray morning light struggled drearily in through the small panes of glass, and the chill air was stirred with the musical sounds of fowl and beast, and the busy murmur and movement of human life within. The storm had died away; and later, a few straggling sunbeams burst through the rifted clouds, very much as

they do through the modern mists of this more enlightened day.

In the plain, new court-room my great-great-grandmother patiently bided her time. It came.

"Whom have you retained as counsel, Mrs. Holman?" blandly inquired the learned judge.

The answer rang out in clear, decided tones, and filled the court and spectators with surprise.

"I have no counsel, your Honor; I am my own lawyer, and shall plead my own case!"

And she did. Clearly and concisely the facts were stated, amply substantiated by undoubted legal documents, and carrying conviction of their truth and justice to all who listened. Not a flaw could be detected in the course of her argument, and when, at the close, she denounced the unscrupulous man who had perjured himself in the attempt to appropriate the property of another, and that other a woman, and appealed to those in authority who were supposed ever to be the righteous defenders of the cause of the widow and the fatherless, her words of womanly eloquence started tears in many eyes, and the crest-fallen plaintiff stole quietly away from the room to hide the pangs of mortification and defeat.

She had triumphed, and quietly receiving the congratulations that were showered upon her, returned to the inn with a lightened and grateful heart. Not until the following day could she essay the muddy roads and swollen streams on her way homeward.

The mystery of the silent man was never satisfactorily explained. Whether some one chancing to overhear the conversation between Mrs. Holman and

the boatman, determined to subject her courage to still severer test, or to be near in time of possible peril; or whether the boatman himself thought thus to deter her from the attempt to cross the river, and abashed by her braver spirit sought to guard her from surrounding dangers, and subsequently enjoyed the discussion of the circumstances too well to reveal the truth, these are but surmises.

Afterwards, when referring to the incident, it was queried:

"Why Mrs. Holman, how did you know it was not Satan himself?"

"Well, and if it were, what cause had I for fear? I knew that I had not anything to do with the devil, nor he with me!" was the reply.

And equally fearless in the conscientious discharge of all the duties and responsibilities of her station in life, the long years rolled away and left a blest assurance of time well-spent. Her children and grandchildren rose up and called her blessed, till, full of days, she was gathered to her rest.

But even yet, through the lapse of a century, dear great-great-grandmother, does not a rivulet of thine own courageous blood flow resistlessly through the weaker veins of thy descendants? Does it not mingle strangely with some other crimson stream, of shrinking timidity, and so gain the ascendancy, at times, as to thrill the soul with a flood of boldness to do and dare, though raging lions obstruct the way?

Thus still lingers here the influence of the long-flown spirit; over the handful of ashes can only be uttered the old, old word,—Peace!

KROKUK, February, 1869.

## SWEETNESSES.

BY ST. LEDGER.

HOW much is in a kiss?  
 Only this—only this!  
 Unto loving hearts and true,  
 Unto souls of royal hue,  
 Who the crimson print e'er knew,  
 'Tis a bliss, 'tis a bliss;  
 'Tis a power—this regal kiss,  
 Speaking at the soul's request,  
 All that lay so unexpressed  
 In the deepest deep of all the soul's  
 unfathomed rest.

We learn it of the flowers—  
 They are ours,—Love's and ours—  
 And with twinings velvet-meek,  
 Each against the other's cheek,  
 They are kissing, as they speak;  
 Thus in tones of silver showers—  
 Rainy tones of silver showers,  
 They are bidding us, like them,  
 Wear Love's lucent diadem,  
 And forever in our beings to enshrine  
 the princely gem.

Listen, listen to the trees—  
 They are kissing in the breeze,  
 And the tender words they say  
 Float away—float away,  
 Down the night and down the day,  
 Telling mortals that to love,  
 As the angels do above,  
 With their brows enstamped with Right,  
 With their purity so white,  
 Is to wrap around our bosoms all the  
 wealth of perfect light.

Hear the molten splash of streams!  
 They are kissing 'mid their gleams,  
 And they speak to every heart  
 Do, oh, do the nobler part!—  
 Do in love the nobler part,  
 Circle life with loving dreams,  
 Make it gentle as the streams,  
 So it flow to truth and good,—  
 So it go where angels would,  
 There to ripple in the atmosphere of  
 Beauty understood.

See the liquid, diamond rills,  
 How they kiss amid their trills!  
 And they whirl from off their steep  
 Down within the pearly deeps,  
 Where the twilight ever sleeps,  
 Saying, "Mortal, love thy brother,"  
 Saying, "Love, oh, love each other."  
 Then shall diamond hues, like mine,  
 All your onward life entwine  
 And that life will be a glory, girt with  
 harmony divine.

Oh, uplifting Beauty—Truth!  
 Oh immortal child of youth!  
 Thee I worship as the sun,  
 And I feel thy kisses run  
 Through my heart, so purple-spun!  
 Far within thy golden fire  
 Soft wings beckon high and higher;  
 Liquid voices mingling say,  
 As they wave away—away,  
 Oh come hither, hither, hither! come  
 and drink of gleaming May!



## THE MANAGEMENT AND DISCIPLINE OF OUR PRISONS.

BY ANDREW SHUMAN.

THE subject of Prison Discipline is one that has received much attention from modern philanthropists and statesmen at various times, and considerable progress has been made during the past century in the modes or systems established for the safe-keeping, punishment, and moral improvement and reformation of convicted prisoners. The humanizing and liberal tendencies of the age have not failed to leave the marks of their ameliorating influence in this department of human economy and moral effort. The systems of cruelty and torture which, through many ages, were deemed inseparable from imprisonment and punishment for crime, have been gradually modified; and in some countries, where civilization with its beneficent spirit, and Christianity with its "golden rule," enlarge the minds and refine the sympathies of mankind, we now find but slight traces of those brutal relics of semi-barbarism. It is scarcely a century ago when John Howard, Beccaria, Sir William Blackstone, Mr. Bentham and Mr. Eden, by their investigations and exposures of the evils of the then existing prison systems of Europe, succeeded in instituting the reforms, which, by the subsequent efforts of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, Sir T. F. Buxton, and Sir Walter Croton, were advanced to conform more nearly to the standard of Christian civilization; and it is comparatively but a few years since the prison reform associations of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, by their philanthropic measures, succeeded in overcoming many of the evils and abuses formerly existing and practiced in nearly all the prisons and penitentiaries of this country. The spirit of Christian philanthropy which has ani-

mated these reformers, has of late years been potent in its influence upon legislation in reference to crime and the treatment of convicted criminals. The lash, the shower-bath, and other tortures which ignorance and cruelty invented for the punishment of prisoners, have now almost entirely disappeared from our State Prisons and Penitentiaries, or if resorted to at all, are applied only in such extreme and exceptional cases where all persuasive or kindly means for bringing convicts to subjection prove ineffective.

During the past five years, being officially connected with the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet—one of the largest State Prisons in this country, and having, with only one exception, a larger number of convicts within its walls than any in the world—the writer of this has had a favorable and adequate opportunity of investigating this subject of prison discipline. The result of my observations and investigations, which have been those of a student as well as an officer, was an early conviction that harsh treatment, as a rule, tends to make bad men worse; and that humane discipline, coupled with a system of rewards and punishments that is unfailing in the execution of its promises, by just and discriminating keepers, is the very best—nay, the only correct mode for the successful government of convicts, if the aim of imprisonment be their moral improvement and reformation, as well as their punishment for having violated law. The careful and observing student of the nature of man, need not be told that no human being has ever yet been made better by harshness or cruelty. The effect of physical punishment may terrify the weak and pow-

erless into passive submission to the power that is over them, but it is, at the same time, brutalizing both to the one who inflicts and the victim of such punishment. It tends to develop the worst passions of our common nature. It fills the heart with bitterness, and seldom, if ever, produces repentance, or even regret. There is no surer method of making a bad boy or a bad man worse, and to spoil him altogether, than to whip and kick and otherwise maltreat him, whenever he does wrong, or goes contrary to the will or caprice of master or keeper. And yet, for centuries the law and public opinion justified and supported only such systems of prison discipline as were based upon the idea that convicts deserved, and therefore would have to receive, only harsh treatment, and could be governed only by the terrorism of the lash and other corporeal tortures. It is remarkable that the precious teachings of the divine Author of the Christian religion, which is founded in mercy, kindness and magnanimity towards even the erring and the criminal, should, during the eighteen hundred years in which they have been regenerating the sinful humanity of a wayward world, have been so slow in taking a real hold upon Christian nations and states, as to render these systems tolerable in this age of thought, philosophy and progressive reason; for, to the dishonor of our civilization be it said, there are States and communities, even in Christian and progressive America, where they are still adhered to and attended by outrageous abuses.

The vengeance of the law, in its pursuit of the criminal, should cease and be satisfied when its penalty has been pronounced against him; and his entrance upon his term of prison service should be regarded by the law and the prison authorities as the beginning of a probationary career, to be attended by reformatory influences, tending to form

in him habits of industry, educate him to higher and better habits of thought and feeling than those to which his past life has been accustomed, and to develop the nobler elements of his manhood. Instead of crushing him down by brute force, making him continually to realize his self-degradation, and causing him to lose his self-respect and to brood through years of bitterness and hate under the smarting consciousness of suffering wrongs and abuses which he is powerless to prevent, being, perhaps, the victim of inhuman, capricious or passionate keepers, would not the law and its officers adopt a wiser course by taking it for granted that the simple fact of being deprived of his personal liberty is of itself sufficient punishment, and seeking as the object of his imprisonment, to reform him as far as possible, and to better fit him to return to the liberty and the society from which he has been excluded in consequence of his misdeeds? While occasionally a convict, on entering the State's Prison, is totally depraved and hopelessly desperate, yet the great majority of them are not irretrievably criminal in their natures, and many of them are the victims rather of unfortunate circumstances than desperate depravity or wilful criminality. Therefore, while in every prison there are a few who are seemingly proof against the influence of kindness, or the efforts of moral improvement and regeneration, there are many who yield readily to the influence of gentleness and encouragement, and are restrained and improved by appeals to their manhood, self-respect or self-interest.

In our State Penitentiary, the lash was abolished by law two years ago. The effect was a disappointment to that class of disciplinarians who insisted that convicts could not be governed without that or some equally terrible weapon of punishment; for almost instantly a change was observable among

that class of convicts who were regarded as the most troublesome and uncontrollable. Cheerfulness took the place of moroseness, and a willing and prompt obedience of rules and orders by those who had previously defied authority and been constantly plotting means of mischief and rebellion, was soon perceptible. The simple abolition of the lash did not of itself, perhaps, produce this change, though it doubtless had much to do with it. With the doing away of corporeal punishment, there was simultaneously a change of warden and keepers, and an entirely new system of convict labor and prison government was inaugurated. The former plan of leasing out and giving to contractors the control and management of the entire Penitentiary and its inmates, for mere money-making purposes, was superseded by the new plan of State control, under which the prison officers are made directly responsible to the people of the State. The convicts were made to feel that they were no longer mere slaves, laboring for the pecuniary benefit of private speculators, but that they were working for the State, which feeds, clothes and cares for them; and that for all the work they performed over and above a certain reasonable task, they would be credited, and paid in cash on the expiration of their terms of imprisonment. Fortunately for the success of the new system, good, humane officers were selected to administer it, who, by their exhibition of an earnest interest in the comfort and general welfare of the convicts, soon gained their confidence and respect. The warden, who has immediate charge of the discipline and business concerns of the institution, is a man of intelligence and humanity, and requires his subordinates to deal justly with every convict, and use no harsh words or measures unless absolutely necessary. The only punishment with which disobedience or insubordination is threat-

ened, is the dark cell or the ball and chain, and these are dreaded more than the lash. The dark cell is one of the ordinary prison cells, with the grated door so boarded up as almost completely to shut out the light. In this the refractory convict is confined on bread and water, until he expresses himself ready to go to work and behave himself. It is seldom that a convict remains in the dark cell as long as twelve hours at a time, and hardly ever does the same convict incur the liability of being thus punished a second time. In case the subject of this punishment has been in the dark cell so long, without yielding, as to endanger his health or his eyes, he is taken out, and put to work with the rest of the convicts, with a chain fastened to his ankles, and a heavy iron ball attached to the chain. The disgrace of this humiliating appurtenance, its constant inconvenience, and the disagreeable clanking and cumbersome dragging of the ball and chain whenever its wearer moves his feet, can not long be endured; and it is generally not over a day or two before he begs piteously to be relieved of the incumbrance, which is done on the condition that he will henceforth conduct himself with propriety. It hardly ever becomes necessary to incumber the same convict with the ball and chain a second time. These modes of punishment, by which no bodily pain is inflicted, are remarkably effective, as is proved by the fact that often weeks and months pass by without rendering a resort to any punishment necessary. The convicts are made to understand and to believe that so long as they obey the officers and the rules and regulations of the institution, they will be well treated, and that punishment will not be resorted to unless actually necessary to enforce authority and preserve order and discipline.

But not only by the abolition of the lash, the rule of kindness, and the

modes of punishment described above for extreme cases, are the eleven hundred convicts at Joliet successfully governed. There is what is known in the prison as a "good-time law," which stimulates to good behavior, and which, with many of the convicts, is a powerful inducement to obedience and faithful conduct. Under this law, the terms of sentence are reduced, as a reward for good behavior. A well-behaved convict, by virtue of his exemplary conduct, has fifty days taken from the first year of his sentence, and sixty days from every subsequent year. If he violates a rule or becomes refractory at any time, however, he loses all the "good time" he has made, and is required to begin a new account, the same as if he had just arrived in the prison. This regulation, doubtless, causes many convicts who would otherwise be troublesome, to behave themselves well; but this regulation was in force before the lash was abolished, or before the present system of kind treatment under State control was inaugurated; and inasmuch as under the former system of government and discipline, by lessees, there were much more trouble, insubordination and apparent necessity for punishment, than under the present management, we are forced to the conclusion that the "good-time law," although an important element, is not the main influence that has led to the establishment of successful discipline at Joliet. Under the old system, the authority said to the convicts, "Do so and so, or we will whip you." Under the present system, the authority says to them, "Do so and so, and we will respect and treat you as men while you are here, and do the best we can to educate and prepare you to become useful and worthy members of society when you leave here." This difference in treatment is the secret of the difference in results.

These unfortunates are but human

beings, like ourselves, having passions, feelings and senses, as we have. They have a pride to be appealed to and developed, ambition to be aroused, passions to be curbed, a manhood to be inspired and refined. Most of them are the victims of circumstances, of wrong education, of poverty and ignorance, of intemperance, of habits of idleness, or of unfortunate natural propensities. Let us, then, study their natures, and seek access to their reasons and their hearts, when dealing with them. Let us labor to make them better—not to harden and brutalize them more, and thus confirm them in their criminal dispositions. My experience and observation have continually strengthened my conviction that this is the true system to be adopted in our prisons—the system of governing by kindness, by just rewards, by inspiring the prisoner with hope and an ambition for a better life, and by training him to habits of industry and manliness, placing in his hands the means by which, when he goes out into the world, he will be able and disposed to earn an honest living in honorable employments, and thus have no excuse for crime.

But, after all, no matter how good may be the *system* that has been devised for the government of a prison, much depends upon the character of the prison officers who are entrusted with its administration, for successful results. The greatest abuses in prisons are attributable to the unfitness of officers and keepers, who are too often appointed to their places of trust and duty from mere political, personal, or falsely economical considerations, regardless of those qualities of mind and heart which alone should be taken into account when placing such delicate trusts and responsibilities in the hands of individuals. A prison officer ought to be a man of discriminating judgment, a merciful disposition, a thorough knowledge of human

nature, strictly just, orderly, systematic, and, above all, conscientious. He should not be a hard man, a tyrant, nor an insincere man. He ought to be a practically religious man, and possessed of the power to govern, sway and persuade men by his words and his superiority of mind and command of presence. It is matter of real regret that we but rarely find the "right men in the right place" at the head of our prisons. No system of discipline, be it ever so perfect in its design, can be successfully carried out, or be fruitful of great results, when the men to whose administration it is entrusted are not possessed of manly, honorable, or merciful qualities.

The religious regulations of a prison may also be made a very important element of power for good, not only for the establishment of satisfactory discipline in the prison, but for the education of the convicts for a return to the outside world, to mingle again in society, and become worthy members of community. Without this element in prison management, the *permanent* reformation of criminals can not be expected. They may behave well, be obedient, and be considered "*good convicts*," as convicts, simply, under the influence of kind treatment; but add to this influence of kindness, by which their confidence is secured, the still more potent influence of religious thought, faith and devotion, by which their hearts are regenerated and their restless spirits tamed, and you have made a complete conquest, having accomplished the making of a new man, fit to be born out of prison into a new life. There is no place in the world so well adapted to this great and holy work of spiritual regeneration as a large prison, having hundreds of inmates. It is truly a rich field for the sowing of good seed, which will bring forth an hundred fold to the wise, judicious and industrious religious husbandman. The convicts have abundant time to hear, read, reflect and ponder. They

will, as a general rule, listen attentively to a good sermon, and be affected by an emotional prayer; and are, apparently, always ready to converse calmly, soberly and inquiringly upon religious subjects, with those in whose piety and sincerity they have confidence. A system of occasional sermons and frequent religious exercises, followed up by a free supply of religious and moral reading for those who can read, and conversations with them upon those solemn subjects, while alone in their cells, in the evening, could not fail of gradually, but surely, producing an impression upon even the worst of the convicts; and few are so infidel or so hardened as to be proof, through all their months or years of imprisonment, against these religionizing influences daily at work upon them. It is safe to say that most of them, if they had been under as careful religious training in youth, or accustomed in later years to even ordinary religious associations or influences, they would never have been guilty of crime; and a properly managed prison will so accustom them to these associations and influences, so deeply and solemnly impress them with the importance of religion, and so fully and powerfully awaken their consciences and soften their natures, as to be really a school for the spiritual education of men who have been either ignorant or habitually reckless of the truths and the importance of religion. With the class of two or three hundred converted and praying men now organized among the convicts at Joliet—the result of the individual efforts of the chaplain, in one year—and with the indubitable evidences constantly before us of the beneficent general effect of preaching and prayer upon the behavior and deportment of the great mass of the prisoners, the officers at that prison are convinced of nothing more thoroughly than they are of the importance of frequent religious exercises as an aid to successful disci-

pline, as well as an effective reformatory instrumentality among wicked, hardened and perverse men.

As to the *best* prison system now in successful operation, that of Ireland, originated by Sir Walter Crofton fifteen years ago, is deemed by prison reformers and humanitarians as far superior to all existing plans. That is known by the distinguishing term of the "Irish system." It is established upon the graded principle; a convict can, by good conduct, graduate from the lower class to the next above it, in which he has better treatment, greater physical comfort, and more privileges. There are four of these grades or classes, entirely separated from each other; the last of which is a conditional pardon, or "ticket of leave," with a liability of being returned to prison, if proving unworthy of his freedom, and being obliged to serve out his full term of sentence. Under this system, a convict can, by continued good behavior, reduce a term of fifteen years to ten, and in the meantime earn a goodly sum of money by over-work, for his own use when discharged. This system, among other privileges of advancement, gives the convict the benefit of frequent lectures on various scientific, moral, religious, and practical subjects, and of other reformatory and improving influences. It is a model system of

prison discipline, if we may judge from the accounts we receive of its operations and satisfactory results. To render such a system practicable in this country, our existing prisons would have to be rebuilt and remodeled upon a more extensive plan. The four grades or classes would have to be completely separated. Inasmuch as in our own State the economical consideration is made primary to that of reformation, we can not at present hope to reach the degree towards perfection in this matter that has been attained in Ireland.

Although this subject of prison management and discipline has received the earnest attention of many very good and practical men in times past, yet there is no field of philosophical investigation, public economy, or moral usefulness, more inviting to, or more in want of, great minds and good hearts to labor in, than this. Many abuses and erroneous systems, that are disgraceful to humanity and a reproach to our civilization, still exist, and to remedy these, and make our State Prisons adult industrial and reform schools, instead of conservatories of human depravity, is a work that might well engage the thoughts and efforts of our greatest philanthropists, reformers, religionists and statesmen.

**HUMBOLDT'S GRAVE.**—Eight miles from Berlin is Tegel, a quiet place in the forest, with only a modern castle and its appendages. From the castle, by a winding foot-path, at first through an over-arching jungle of lilacs, and then through native woodlands, one is led a long distance, until he is unexpectedly brought to a little dell, with an inclosure of graves covered with ivy. One of the sleepers in this quiet place is Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt, who was born in 1769, and died at the age of ninety years. At

the head of the inclosure is a neat monument of red granite, surrounded by a beautiful figure of "Hope" in white marble. Long arms of oak, reaching out horizontally toward the sleeper, some of them more than fifty feet long, and ever green with the moss of many years, give to the secluded spot a venerable surrounding. The April breeze, whispering through the boughs of spruce and cedar, told the visitor to speak low and walk softly, and my feelings were in a good mood readily to hear and heed the gentle monitor.—*Exchange.*



## ATHENIAN AND AMERICAN SOPHISTS.—III.

BY JAMES R. BOISE.

ANOTHER characteristic of the Athenian Sophists appears to have been their readiness to teach everything. They were the professors of universal knowledge; at least, this character has generally been attributed to them, whether justly or unjustly we do not now propose to consider. Socrates, in his defence before his judges, represents that many of the leading men of his time professed to know everything, and he claims a superiority over them, not because he knew more than everything, but because he did not actually *know* anything, save that he knew his ignorance; while others, who were, in fact, equally ignorant with himself, did not even know their ignorance. In this alone, Socrates claimed that he was superior to his contemporaries. In this seeming paradox, there lies a depth of wisdom which subsequent ages have not failed to admire. Although the arrogance of which Socrates complains is affirmed of many of the principal men of his time, it has been usual to understand it as applicable more especially to the Sophists. Accepting the assumption as true, we inquire what representatives they have, if any, among ourselves. It would, perhaps, be a somewhat startling affirmation, to say that the teachers of our country, as a profession, exhibit, in a marked degree, this characteristic of the Athenian Sophists. Yet to whom do satirists so often attribute conceit, and pedantry, and arrogance as to that dignified ideal personage, the school-master? Let the accusation fall on whosoever it may, we must concede that the teachers of our country, as a whole, profess to teach a far greater number of studies than they can teach

well; and that consequently they make professions which they are by no means able to justify. Nor is this wholly their own fault. The organization of our schools, and in some degree of our colleges, is such as to require, oftentimes, a single person to teach almost everything which is ever taught at all in our country. The demand on the teachers in our academies, and in our union and high schools, is altogether preposterous. Not unfrequently the same person professes to teach, besides the elementary branches of an education, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, the pure mathematics, the whole range of natural sciences, ancient and modern languages, and universal history! We have some idea what the character of the teaching must be when the teacher professes to do so much. Indeed, we have, ourselves, been the victims of this very system—this American sophistry. Grateful as we may be to the instructors of our earlier years for their fidelity and kindness, who of us has not had occasion to deplore their incompetence? How much precious time have we not lost at that important age when the educated youth of Germany are in the gymnasias? It is an excellent maxim which one of the best educators in our country\* used to impress on his pupils: "*Would you teach a thing well, know it.*" One might suppose that no man, in his senses, would ever undertake to teach a thing without knowing it; but the fact is, that multitudes of persons do undertake to give lessons in subjects of which they know little, or even nothing. They propose to teach by acquiring the requisite knowledge just in advance of their

\* Rev. Dr. Wayland, late President of Brown University.



pupils. The result generally is that neither teachers nor pupils ever learn what they imagine themselves to have learned; they are completely ignorant of their ignorance. But the same difficulty extends even to our colleges. The same man is often appointed professor of a greater range of studies than any one person ever could teach well. An intelligent gentleman not long ago, while examining a catalogue of an American college, observing that five or six different natural sciences were assigned to one department, remarked: "Humboldt could not teach all those studies." It is very certain that the great naturalist would never have undertaken what a multitude of men in our country every year profess to do excellently.

It becomes apparent on the most superficial examination that a more perfect division of labor, in teaching is absolutely necessary to any high attainments. Men understand the importance of a division of labor on railways, in machine shops and in cotton mills; but they sadly neglect it in the training of their children. In the one case, it is indispensable to have the requisite number of heads and hands—indispensable because their business would suffer without them; in the other case, a neglect to provide the requisite number of competent laborers is unimportant, because nothing will suffer in consequence but—their children! It is time that teachers and pupils and parents were more fully aware of the extent and the danger of this evil. More light should be thrown on this subject. Parents are not really indifferent to the welfare of their children. It is only because they suppose everything to be managed well enough now that they are indifferent to the evil. In no way do we conceive that our high schools and academies and colleges can be so much improved as by constantly holding up to the view of teachers and pupils and

parents the superior organization of the German gymnasium.\* Humiliating as it may be to an American, we must own our inferiority, and commence the work of improvement. Some people, indeed, affect to be too *patriotic* to look to Germany for improved systems of education. It is surely a singular patriotism which influences such people. They are worthy to become the privy counselors of the Emperor of Japan; for of all such patriots, he is perhaps the most eminent. But, fortunately, we are not all patriots of this school. We are willing to look to any land, not with a spirit of servile imitation, but with a rational independence, and seek for improvements on anything which now exists among us. All intelligent and well informed men, everywhere, acknowledge the superior excellence in the organization of the German gymnasium. This superiority consists mainly in the classification of studies and of teachers. The course of study which in our schools is often assigned to one man, would there be assigned to perhaps ten men. But it has been remarked, somewhat cavalierly, that one American can do as much work as ten Germans. The American who thinks so, has certainly a very comfortable opinion of himself. How it may be with his hands, we do not know; but where the head is concerned, we have yet to find the American who can do more work than the German. Such an opinion, if it be really an opinion, proceeds from the silliest ignorance and conceit, and it deserves no serious consideration. But the fact that teachers in this country are generally required to divide their time among a greater number of studies than they can well attend to, must be constantly kept in

\* The recent report of the commissioner of education contains, with other documents of the highest value, one on the "Gymnasium and Secondary Education of Prussia." We earnestly recommend the attentive perusal of this document to all who are interested in the cause of higher education in this country.

view; for while this fact remains, we hold that no really thorough teaching is practicable, and for the present we know of no better models for the division of labor than the gymnasia and universities of Germany. If we can make improvements on the models, we shall deserve great credit; but above all things, let us not be insensible to our chief imperfections, nor fail to derive profit from the experience of others.

Another characteristic of the Athenian Sophists, and the last which we shall now allude to, was their extreme servility. "Tell us," said they, "tell us, O Athenians, what you want, and we will give it to you. We can teach everything, and we are ready to teach just what you wish. It lies with you only to signify your pleasure; we are both able and willing to gratify you." This is not far removed from the language of some modern educators. The more carefully it is considered, the more exact will the parallel appear. Loud complaints have been uttered among us against those institutions of learning which prescribe rigid courses of study, and against those teachers who venture in any case to urge upon their pupils what they shall learn. It is assumed that the learners are the best judges of what they need, and those who contravene their choice are opposed to the best interests of education. That is, according to this theory, the youth who have not yet entered on the field of knowledge are better able to decide what valuable treasures it contains than those who have already carefully surveyed it. To support this view, the universities of Germany are referred to. In them, it is said, the utmost freedom of choice exists, and in them also are found the largest number of the best scholars in the world. But it seems to be forgotten that no man can even enter a German university until he has completed a course of study incomparably more rigid than that of

any American college, and more than twice the length of our collegiate course! Well may it be presumed that a man who has done all this is capable henceforth of choosing for himself what studies he will prosecute; for he is already an educated man. But the case of those to whom it is proposed to offer the same option in this country, is totally different. They have not yet acquired the elements of an education. They are often as ignorant of the Latin grammar and of Euclid as they are of Sanscrit or the calculus. They have, peradventure, not even learned the names of those sciences which are embraced in our ordinary course of collegiate study. How different, therefore, is their competence to decide the question, what they want, from that of the student on entering a German university! It might just as reasonably be inferred that because a man is fitted to be thrown upon the world to make shift for himself at twenty-one, he can do the same thing when he is one year old! Freedom of choice is a pleasing idea to an American, but we in most instances suppose some preparation to be requisite for the proper enjoyment of this freedom. It is even unsafe, and may work the greatest mischief, if it is allowed prematurely.

The truth is, educated men, and especially the instructors of our youth—not the youth themselves—are responsible in a great degree for the character of our educational systems. It is their duty to direct and control their pupils, as far as possible, in the choice of their studies; for if competent for their station, they possess superior wisdom in this matter. Without such control on the part of teachers, the education of our youth will necessarily become more and more superficial. Students almost invariably prefer what is easiest. Comparatively few grapple voluntarily with difficult studies, however valuable and important; while if those studies were

placed directly in their way, so that they could not honorably avoid them, they would master the difficulty and reap the reward of their achievement.

We must not always ask the people what they want; we must often tell them what they need; and, whether they are pleased or not, we must insist upon what we believe to be the truth.

We may in many ways derive instruction from the example of Socrates and the Sophists; for they lived among a people more nearly resembling our own than any other whose character is imprinted on the pages of history. If we understand our own age and country aright, we shall understand the essential characteristics of the Athenian people in the fourth and fifth centuries before the Christian era. Consequently the examples of individual character which we may find there, are specially adapted to afford instruction and warning to us. Prominent among the characters of that period, we find a class of gifted and well-educated men who offered themselves as teachers of the people. Possessing a versatility and tact which have rarely been equalled, they proposed to teach every science and to adopt any method of instruction the people demanded. They were the most willing, the most popular, the most accomplished, and, for aught we know, the most devoted servants of the people whom the world has ever seen. In the same age, there appeared a single man of just the opposite character. He neither asked nor cared what the people wanted, nor what would please the people. He sought their *good*, not their *good-will*. With the most provoking rudeness and impertinence, he accosted every man who came in his way, exposing the folly of pride, the shallowness of ignorance, the degradation of vice, and the wickedness of impiety. His reproofs became at length intolerable, and the people, to rid themselves of further annoyance from such a man, finally gave him the

fatal hemlock. And behold! now in this our day the word *Sophist*, the name of the former—originally an honorable appellation—has passed into universal contempt; while Socrates, the impertinent, eccentric and once-hated teacher, is spoken of as the wisest and best of the ancient philosophers. It was not his oddities, most certainly, nor his roughness, nor his utter contempt for the opinions of others (the mere accidents of his character), that entitle him to this proud distinction; nor was it alone his most extraordinary powers of discernment; but, added to these, it was his earnest, passionate love of truth—his determination, regardless of all consequences, to pursue and to teach the truth, whether it happened to be popular or not, whether men wanted it or not. This line of conduct ultimately wins golden opinions from all virtuous communities, and, what is quite as much to be desired, wins the approval of a good conscience in the sight of God and of men.

The above hasty comparison which we have attempted to draw between the Sophists of Athens and certain types of character now existing in our own country, might be carried much further and made more particular. Our aim has been merely to sketch a few outlines, to point out a few tendencies in our educational movements, which we believe to be in the wrong direction. It is evidently the duty of all scholars in our country, while they seek as much as possible to diffuse education and render it popular, to aim also at more perfect scholarship and higher attainments in learning. Whatever facile and superficial acquisitions may be offered as a substitute for solid learning, should be rejected; and whatever systems of education are likely to depress the standard of scholarship among us, should be calmly but firmly opposed. It is well to render education as cheap as possible, so as to place it within the reach of

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tuitous. We should be glad if it could be given to all, without money and without price; but, like the brightness of the sun, or the rain from heaven, let it always be, for the poor as well as for the rich, the very best.

## NEVADA AND THE SILVER MINES.

BY A. G. BRACKETT.

THE State of Nevada was formerly a portion of the Territory of Utah, and was admitted into the Union on the 31st of October, 1864. As a whole, it may be said to be a vast, mountainous, rocky desert, though along the water courses there are some fine valleys, and on the sage-brush plains many good farms have been opened. The mountain chains run in the direction from north to south, and their rocky sides, with wide-stretching arid plains at their feet, present a picture at once rugged and forbidding. There is a great scarcity of timber, though along the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range there are some good pine forests, and cotton-wood trees are found near the courses of the Carson, Humboldt and Walker rivers, but not in great numbers. There are other places in the State where small groves of cottonwoods may be seen. On the Truckee river, which empties into Pyramid lake, some good farms have been opened, and to a person coming down from the northern portion of the State, where all is desolate and dreary, they present a charming appearance. There are three other streams in the upper part, called the Owyhee, Kings and Quins rivers. Pyramid lake is the largest body of water in the State, being about thirty miles long, and from ten to twelve miles wide. Winnemucca lake is near it, and parallel to it, being about the same length, though not more than four miles in

width. Lake Tahoe, or Bigler, is on the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, partly in Nevada and partly in California, and is a beautiful sheet of water. The waters of Pyramid and Winnemucca lakes are brackish and unfit to drink. Besides these lakes, there are Walker lake, Humboldt lake and Carson lake. The former is a fine sheet of water, but the two latter are little better than swamps, and are sometimes called "sinks." Above Pyramid lake is the Black Rock desert, or Valley of the Mud lakes, which is over sixty miles long, and from ten to twelve in width, and is as perfect a desert as there is on earth. It is as level as a house floor, and upon its whole surface there is neither a spear of grass nor a shrub of any kind. It makes an excellent road during the summer months, but in spring time is covered with water. Hot springs may be found in every portion of the State, bubbling up and puffing away in fine style, and some of them near Virginia City, on account of their puffing propensities, have obtained for themselves the name of the Steamboat Springs. The waters of many of the springs are strongly impregnated with alkali, so as to render them unfit for use; and in some places the bones of oxen may be seen, which have been killed by drinking too much of this kind of water. In the Truckee and Carson rivers the Indians catch salmon trout, and in many streams in the mountains

fine brook trout are taken in the proper season.

Many of the people say that the name of the State ought to have been Washoe instead of Nevada, and now there is an effort being made to change it. The first mines were known as the Washoe mines, so called from a small tribe of Indians who resided in the vicinity; and the people claim that this would have been far more appropriate than the Spanish word Nevada (snowy), derived from the mountain ridge. Besides this, there is a large county in California of that name, and a mining city, and this gives rise to endless trouble with regard to mail matter, localities and so forth. The people of the Pacific slope seem to have a limited nomenclature, and Virginia Cities, Nevadas, Ruby Cities, Gold Hills and Silver Cities are repeated *ad nauseam*.

The number of inhabitants is a very difficult matter to decide upon, the population being, for the most part, a purely mining one, and constantly shifting from place to place. Virginia City is the largest town, and is built high up on the side of Mount Davidson, overlooking a great many mountain peaks and the valley of Carson river. This town is built over the famous Comstock silver lead, and underneath the ground is completely honey-combed with mines of vast extent and wonderful richness. It is this town which gives the chief importance to the State, and it is really a miracle of American enterprise and industry. Far away from the seaboard, with no good farming land near, and little timber of any kind; built upon the side of a mountain of solid rock, this city of ten thousand inhabitants, more or less, has sprung up, and in it are some edifices which would be creditable in any country. There are some fine three-story brick buildings, and many stores and shops which present a neat appearance, besides being well filled. The streets are built partly round the

sides of the mountain, with cross streets running down the steep slope. Here is a busy scene, as everybody seems to have something to do and is making haste to do it. Here, too, are monster quartz mills, grinding and crushing ore, and causing a din which is almost deafening. They are generally located in the outskirts of the town, and are surrounded by teams hauling wood and ore, and other articles which are needed. The Gould & Curry mill is in the six-mile canon, two miles from town, and this mill is said to have cost over a million of dollars. It is complete in all its details, handsomely finished, and, by all odds, the finest mill in Nevada. I may go further, and say truly, that it is the finest silver mill in America, or perhaps in the world. It is one of the lions of Nevada, and a visit to the State is incomplete without having visited it. There are several other excellent mills about the city, and the road from Virginia City, through Gold Hill and Silver City, appears to be lined with them. There are also mills at Dayton and at Washoe City. The use of the word "city" in this country must be understood in the American sense, and need not therefore convey to the mind an extensive collection of houses and people. One day I heard a new arrival inquire of an old miner how large a place Silver City was. He said it was about as large as New York City, but was not built up yet. So it is with others; they are all large, but as yet are not built up. The towns of Gold Hill and Silver City are merely an extension, down a canon, of Virginia City, and it is difficult for a stranger to tell where one ends and another begins. Quartz mills, dust, tunnels, and piles on piles of rock which have been taken from the mines, one meets in every direction; and these mills are literally eating up the bowels of the earth. I venture to say that no more enterprising and thrifty community exists anywhere than this of Virginia City, and withal they are

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frank, kind and generous, and greet a person with a whole-souledness which is refreshing.

They are the Titans of the Western world, and such a thing as pauperism is unknown amongst them. Here we find the inevitable Yankee, the stalwart Western man, representatives from all of the South American republics, Jews, Pi-Ute Indians, Chinamen, and a respectable sprinkling of the Teutonic race, who make the lager beer and cultivate cabbage-patches in the gorges of the mountains. The wood for the mills is hauled a long distance in wagons, and that for family use is brought in on the backs of donkeys by Chinamen, who know what they are about, and sell as much wood as a man can carry in both arms for a dollar and a half or two dollars in silver. The State is intensely patriotic, and breathes Union always. The people have great respect for greenbacks, but, when you come to pay them for anything, they prefer silver. The fact is, you can purchase nothing without paying coin, and then at a most exorbitant price.

Austin is a town in the Reese River country, where they have good mines, and a population of about three thousand. Here, also, they have some excellent mills, and dig out a large amount of silver ore. It is thought by some that the mines are richer than those about Virginia City, but they are not near so extensive, nor do they pay as well; they are farther from market; everything there is much dearer, and the country does not appear to be in as prosperous a condition as its admirers could wish. Besides Austin, there are several settlements in that vicinity. Austin is the principal town in the eastern portion of the State, and is the largest place between Virginia City and Salt Lake City, in Utah, and is located on the old overland mail road.

The Humboldt mines, in Humboldt county, were at one time very much

thought of, and in the year 1864 a great many people gathered in their vicinity, and several towns and villages sprang up at once. The mines are still worked, though not with great success, the ledges being rich but narrow, and fuel scarce. Unionville, the county seat, has about two hundred inhabitants.

Carson City, the capital of the State, is situated in Carson Valley, in a comparatively fertile portion of the State. It contains a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is in quite a flourishing condition; it contains some handsome dwellings, and a branch mint or assay office belonging to the government. As yet, there is no State House or Capitol worth mentioning. A few miles away is the Penitentiary or State Prison. About sixteen miles from here is Washoe City, a small town, where there are several quartz mills. The Carson Valley, next after the Truckee Valley, is the richest in the State, in an agricultural point of view; but where everybody is engaged in mining, agriculture is a secondary affair. Still, hay and grain must be raised to support the horses, mules and oxen which are employed about the mills, and vegetables must be raised for the use of the miners. In the bleak and barren mining regions, anything green looks beautiful, even though it be a bunch of stunted grease wood.

During the summer of 1866, the Governor and a party visited the southeastern portion of the State to see the Pahranaagat mines, which are said to be remarkably rich and worthy of further exploration. But by far the richest mines which have been discovered, so far as can be judged from present appearances, are those of White Pine. The mines in this region were first noticed in 1864, though nothing was done to develop them, and prospectors continued their search through '65, '66 and '67, until the autumn of 1868, when such astounding discoveries were made as



to create a *furor* along the whole Pacific coast, and which has been felt even in the older settled and more staid States. In the winter of 1867, the Eberhardt mine was located, but not until the spring of '68 was work fairly commenced upon it. This wonderful mine, which is now worth millions of dollars, and from which a million has already been taken, sold at one time for twenty-five dollars! The Keystone, Aurora and Virginia mines are in this region, and have already become famous; and Chloride Flat is said to be an immense deposit of pure chloride of silver. The White Pine district is rapidly filling up with miners and adventurers from all parts of the Union, and the town of Hamilton, located at the foot of Treasure Hill, contains over two thousand inhabitants. This town is eight thousand, two hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea-level, and Treasure City, one mile distant, is nine hundred feet higher. Not much can be said as regards the architectural beauty of the houses in these two towns, as boards are worth from two hundred to five hundred dollars in gold per thousand feet.

In order to reach the White Pine mines from the Pacific side of the country, it is necessary to go out from Sacramento, on the Central Pacific Railroad, to the town of Elko, which is four hundred and sixty miles east, and thence take a stage to Hamilton, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, in a southerly direction.

It is almost impossible for people who have been reared in well-regulated and long-settled communities to understand much about these mining towns, or the peculiar code of morals, or immorals, which exists therein. All men are intent upon one thing alone, and that is, to make a fortune speedily. Gambling is carried on without an attempt at concealment, though there are stringent laws on the statute books to prevent it. The streets present an ap-

pearance which it is hard to describe, and, in the new ones particularly, a stranger is at loss to determine whether to laugh at their ridiculousness or pity their seeming poverty. At night there is music in all the saloons and drinking shops. One of these bands in particular I recollect, which was made up of a fiddle, a trombone, and most stunning bass drum.

In addition to the mines already mentioned, there are others, called Black Rock, Vicksburg and Puebla, in the northern part of the State. These mines as yet have not been of any benefit to their owners, owing, it is alleged, to the character of the ores, which are known as "rebellious" or "refractory."

Other mines will be discovered in different portions of the State, as this is, beyond a question, the richest silver-bearing region in the United States, or perhaps in the world. Men are out prospecting all the time, and no obstacles seem to deter them from this—to some of them—favorite pursuit. Old miners frequently leave good claims to go off in search of new and unknown fields of enterprise. They suffer hardships without a murmur, and are frequently in want of the most common necessities of life. Hunger, thirst and Indian dangers are no strangers to them, and through all they keep up the best of spirits, and are always ready to extend a hearty welcome to whoever meets them, be their stores ever so scanty, or their distance from any place where they can obtain more, ever so great. This is the class of men who are now developing Nevada, and helping the nation in finding its hidden treasures.

The Central Pacific Railroad is completed across the entire breadth of Nevada. It enters the State from the west near Crystal Peak; thence passes along the banks of the Truckee River to the Big Bend; thence over to the banks of the Humboldt River, it follows along the course of that stream and passes on into



Utah. The construction of this road has given a great impetus to the business of Nevada. Fuel can soon be hauled at comparatively cheap rates, and ores can be carried to California, where they can be reduced more easily and at less cost than at or near the mines.

Virginia City is twenty miles from the road—the nearest point being at Reno. It is probable that a branch road will be constructed to that city, though how it is to be carried up the mountains remains to be seen. Genius and labor may overcome these obstacles, as they have many others.

Another branch road will doubtless be built to the White Pine district, as a most favorable route is said to exist, through which it could be carried without any great difficulty. There are many valleys in Eastern Nevada, between the line of the Central Pacific Railroad and the town of Hamilton, through which a road could be made, and along it good farms would soon be opened. Several of these valleys have already been taken up by enterprising settlers, and the land, which a year or two ago was of no value to any people except Indians, will soon be covered with farms.

As a general rule, in taking up mines in this country, the discoverer is allowed to locate four hundred feet along the course of the ledge he has discovered. Other parties are allowed to take two hundred feet, and in order to hold these claims, a certain amount of work, called an assessment, must be worked out within thirty days after making such location, to hold the same up to and including the day preceding the first Saturday of the then following August. This work involves the excavation and removal of fifty feet of earth or loose material, or five cubic feet of solid rock, for each two hundred feet in the claim. In each mining district there is a Recorder, whose duty it is to survey and record these claims, and give certificates

of work and ownership. This work must be done each year, or what has been done before amounts to nothing, and the claim is liable to be "jumped" or taken by anyone. Each district has the right to make mining laws for its own government, and these laws are recognized by the State. The mining laws are very full and explicit, and it would be out of the question to give even a summary of them in an article of this kind.

Miners know well enough how to make their own laws, and in these rough regions people must live up to them or they will certainly get into trouble. A few words suffice, and if delinquents do not take warning they are politely invited to "leave the diggings." If this does not do, ulterior measures are resorted to, and no noise is made about the matter.

The climate is here cool during the whole year, and at times in the winter season it is intensely cold. Snow falls on the mountains from October to the following June, and in some places it lies on the ground during the whole year. It is pleasant in the valleys even during the winter, but in the mountains, where the mining operations are carried on, it is sometimes terrible. The wind blows with the most unmitigated fury, and snow, gravel and dust are hurled about in every direction. Bad weather is the rule; good weather the exception.

The owners of the mines about Virginia City, on the Comstock ledge, have, for some time, been anxious to have a tunnel, called the Sutro Tunnel, run under these mines, and a memorial was sent by the Nevada Legislature to Congress, asking for help to push forward this enterprise. It contains some valuable information, and a few extracts may be interesting. It says:

"Quartz lodes are the true source of the precious metals; to them must we look for the future supply; and any

theory which tends to develop that interest should be looked upon by the legislators of the country as an all-important benefit to the nation.

"What is required to thoroughly develop that interest, and to induce private capital hereafter to embark largely in mining pursuits, is a practical and positive demonstration of the continuity of mineral lodes in depth; and no work will prove that proposition more thoroughly and satisfactorily than the proposed Sutro Tunnel to the Comstock lode.

"This tunnel, starting near the borders of Carson river, a distance of four miles, will cut the Comstock lode at a depth of 2,000 feet, while if continued a short distance it will reach under the summit of Mount Davidson at a depth of 3,500 feet. By means of the tunnel the mines can be worked at least 1,000 feet below its level, thus demonstrating the continuance of the Comstock lode to a depth of 3,000 feet, a greater depth than has ever yet been reached in any vein in the world.

"The bearing this work will exercise upon the future of the mining interests of the United States can not be too highly appreciated; capital will be invested in enterprises of the like character where no confidence exists now; millions of treasure will see the light which now lie buried deeply in the bowels of our mountain ranges.

"The immediate and direct result from this work will be the developments made on the Comstock lode. This great lode was discovered in the year 1859, and has yielded, thus far, \$64,000,000 in silver and gold, chiefly the former. The regular annual yield now is \$16,000,000.

"If we compare this lode with other great mineral lodes, we find that none were ever worked in the Old World of equal or approaching magnitude. The American continent has produced three similar mines—the great Potosi mine

of Bolivia, which yielded twelve hundred millions; the Vita Madra, of Guanajuato, eight hundred millions, and the Vita Grande, of Zacatecas, six hundred and fifty millions—the latter two in Mexico.

"Competent geologists assert that the Comstock is a larger, more regular and permanent vein than either of the others named; what can we expect to be its yield, with the proposed tunnel once completed, enabling the miner to explore the same to a depth of three thousand feet, with the modern improved appliances for mining and the enterprise and energy of the American artisan to guide the operations?

"If we estimate its yield after the proposed tunnel is completed at thirty millions per annum, we will have in thirty years the enormous yield of nine hundred millions of dollars; and this may be considered a moderate estimate.

"Without the projected tunnel, this vast and important property, which directly and indirectly gives employment to 100,000 people, will, after the lapse of a few years, have to be abandoned, for reasons which are at once apparent and conclusive.

"The yield of these mines for the year ending December 31st, 1866, has been \$16,000,000, which was procured at a cost to the mining companies of \$15,500,000—leaving the paltry profit of \$500,000.

"The amount of the precious metals at present in circulation throughout the world amounts to \$3,600,000,000; the proposed tunnel to the Comstock lode will, within thirty years, add \$900,000,000 to the same, or twenty-five per cent.

"It will consequently add twenty-five per cent. to the taxable property of the United States, equal to four thousand millions, which, at a rate of taxation of two per cent., will give an annual increase to the moneys of Government of forty millions for each of the first thirty

years, and eighty millions for each year thereafter.

"The proposed work adds, each year, thirty millions to the stock of the precious metals, equal to the one hundred and twentieth part of the thirty-six hundred millions in existence; it therefore adds the one hundred and twentieth part to the sixteen thousand millions of taxable property in the United States, equal to an annual increase of one hundred and thirty-three millions.

"That addition, made from year to year, gives the above stated result, as will be seen by the following table:

INCREASE OF TAXABLE PROPERTY.	INCREASE OF REVENUE.
First year—\$133,000,000 at 2 per cent...	\$ 2,660,000
Second year—\$266,000,000 at 2 per cent...	5,320,000
Third year—\$400,000,000 at 2 per cent...	8,000,000
Sixth year—\$800,000,000 at 2 per cent...	16,000,000
Twelfth year—\$1,600,000,000 at 2 per cent...	32,000,000
Fifteenth year—\$2,000,000,000 at 2 per cent...	40,000,000
Twenty-fourth year—\$3,300,000,000 at 2 per cent...	66,000,000
Thirtieth year—\$4,000,000,000 at 2 per cent...	80,000,000

"If this annual increase in revenue be set apart for that purpose, it will pay off the whole national debt in forty-six years."

Before Nevada was organized as a territory the citizens of the western portion of Utah, not being Mormons, were a long distance from the capital, at Salt Lake City—delays were very

vexatious—and, after many appeals to the general government for a separate territorial organization, they determined to set up for themselves. The people assembled and proceeded to elect Isaac N. Roop, a worthy citizen, as Governor. He was a resident of Honey Lake Valley, in California, though it was then supposed to be a portion of Nevada. After the territory was organized, the Hon. James W. Nye, of New York, was appointed Governor by the President, and continued to serve as such until the State was admitted into the Union, when he was sent to the United States Senate. Henry G. Blasdel was elected the first Governor of the State, and was re-elected for four years in the fall of 1866. He is a native of Indiana, went to California at an early day, and thence to Nevada. He is an honest and trustworthy man, and thus far has proved himself a good Governor.

There is a scheme now on foot to attach Utah Territory to the State, or at least to place the Mormons under its jurisdiction, and in this way give new laws to that people.

Such is Nevada, the State of snow-capped summits, silver mines, scorificious soil, sage-brush and sand-storms.

## THE PRESENT LITERARY AGE.

BY M. HOUGH UNDERHILL.

IT should, unquestionably, be the source of an honest and justifiable pride that we are, through the mercy of an all-wise and indulgent Creator, permitted to have our local habitation upon the earth in the present age of enlightenment, art, science, civil and religious liberty, and freedom of speech and of the press.

From the Creation until the present time, no people have existed who were,

in all the minor details that serve to render life a constant source of enjoyment—provided a proper use is made of the privileges at our disposal—as favorably situated to leave a record which future generations shall reverence and emulate.

Scarce passes a day that something new is not wrenched from chaos by the hand of science—scarce one but what new publications are springing into ex-

istence, with new writers, adducing new ideas, all of which are presented to the age for the benefit thereof. Each and every department of the various divisions, whose combination forms life's whole, is supplied with its assiduous laborers and co-laborers, earnestly delving in the hidden realms of experiment for facts which shall result in placing at least their fruits within reach of all—for solutions of intricate problems that shall redound to their praise, and present to the age something of utility, beauty or worth.

Progress is the watchword; and along the entire line—from the rock-bound shores of the traitorous Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific slope—the cry rolls, in ceaseless echo, "Onward!"

To be content with that of which we are already possessed, is far from being a common trait of character. "The more we have, the more we want," it seems, would more truthfully illustrate the character of the present age. This motto, as applied to the grasping miser who gloats over his hoarded gold, would be far from praiseworthy; but when used in connection with a desire for scientific, educational or literary attainment, is one of the noblest impulses that can actuate the human heart.

But one branch of modern development will be particularly referred to in this paper. Its paramount importance demands a more extended and minute notice than space will permit in a publication so general in its bearings, and yet so admirably adapted to fill the long-felt vacuum in the wants of its hosts of admirers, as is the WESTERN MONTHLY. I refer to the literature of the present day, and our facilities for self-education.

Scarce venturing, a few years since, to compete with the Old World in literary productions, our fair land now bears the palm of victory. Timid at the outset as a school-girl whose inborn talent was the germ that was destined,

through the agencies of proper instruction and experience, to develop into the ripe scholar, so has been the progress of literature in the present age, until now, with our WESTERN, our Harper, our Atlantic, Galazy, Lippincott's, Putnam's, Packard's, and the almost unlimited list of their worthy contemporaries, the field of monthly literary publications is well and ably represented. Some of the older monthlies have their stern and uncharitable devotees who are over-jealous of their prerogatives, and either affect to pity or openly decry each new candidate for public favor as it makes its *debut* before the literary world.

Many have been attempted (both in the monthly and weekly class) whose career was short; whose advent created no special *fièvre*, and whose demise called forth few feelings of sorrow. Prominent among these unappreciated and "well let-alone" enterprises have been those whose chief pretension to "literary" merit was in their prostitution to sensational huckstering. Their conductors ignored articles of real merit and worth as being "too dry for our pages."

Of our weeklies and illustrated sheets that yet stand upon sensation as a base, many are in the zenith of their popularity and fame. With large and never-failing armies of patrons and readers, they are enabled to present an array of startling occurrences, fictitious or real, that warm and cheer the hearts of those whose main object in life appears to consist of efforts to grasp as much of the suffering, crime and misery of their fellow-mortals as their poor brains will hold; and this, too, without a glimmering shadow of desire to alleviate suffering or assist distress. This unfortunate class declare it a "confounded bore" if required to pass a single hour in the perusal of the erudite thoughts transcribed by the pen of one of our classic authors. But, thank Heaven,

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light is dawning; and already, within the limited circle of my observation, many who formerly took in the news-sheet on the way home from shop or factory, on Saturday nights, where a plentiful supply of *Police Gazettes*, *Day's Doings*, *Phunny Phellows*, and kindred publications, were purchased for Sunday reading, now invest in the standard literary monthlies and weeklies—one step towards a much-desired reformation. The habitually-acquired thirst for frivolous and sensational reading seems nearly satiated, and the active mind calls for something upon which to feed itself that is not immersed in blood and thunder, or embellished with masks, pistols, bowie-knives and horror.

Verily, the signs of the times are propitious, and with the assistance of new missionaries in the field, but just entering upon their labors of love and usefulness, may we not look forward to the speedy dawning of brighter days in our literary existence? Not that we are not already blessed with many, very many, publications whose motto seems to be:

"I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that lack resistance,  
For the good that I can do."

Yet we are also afflicted with those of a character whose only influence must be for evil.

The present age has also witnessed the development of a literary existence for our youth, unparalleled in the annals of publication; and now we can look upon, and refer to, with pride, such publications as the *Little Corporal*, *Our Young Folks*, *Youth's Temperance Banner*, and scores of others, each adapted to its particular field of action, but all, with one accord, striving to inculcate a pure and undefiled literary taste in the rising generations, in conjunction with

labors performed under that heart-cheering motto of the *Little Corporal*:

—"Fighting against wrong,  
And for the good, the true and beautiful."

May their earnest endeavors in this direction ever meet with that appreciation which is ever an auxiliary to success, and without which the most assiduous labor would be as idle words.

The religious press, as at present conducted, is an honor to the age. Met from the first with discouragement on every hand—for a long period far from self-supporting—the religious press, having confidence in the good sense of the American people, has pursued the even tenor of its way, until it can boast several as large, tastefully gotten-up and printed papers and magazines, as ably conducted and as liberally patronized, as any on the continent. The style of literature furnished through such publications as the *Ladies' Repository* can not but have a beneficial effect upon the general tone of society, and tend to inculcate and foster a passion for pure literature.

The especial advocates of any particular branch of science or art are also devoting a portion of their pages to the choicest gems of literature, and with a cheering success. Thus the ball rolls on, and the literary skies are each moment growing brighter, and casting their grateful rays with more liberality throughout the land. Verily the end is not yet. Progression is a term whose limit is as vague and undefined as its achievements are laudatory.

Of our gigantic strides in the book-publishing department, the Old World is both jealous and amazed. For centuries leading the van, they can illy brook the stubborn fact that a nation of Yankees have not only rivalled but excelled in typographical neatness, accuracy and cheapness of publication, as well as rapidity in "getting out." A few years since, and it was deemed a

tedious task to prepare and arrange "copy," read proof, and revise matter for a thirty-two-page pamphlet. To-day, less personal supervision and attendant trouble is entailed upon the author of a tome of four hundred pages. As one branch of science or department of art progresses, others, to preserve their equilibrium and keep pace with what has preceded them, are enforced to adopt an accelerated speed, and seek out new channels of progression, that they may not become lost in the mazy distance. Thus, with an eye to discern, and a will to press on, constantly reaching out into the dim and unknown regions of experimental life, is it at all a source of wonder that, as a nation, we proudly stand to-day at the head of the column, and throw the gauntlet to the world?

We are apt, far too apt, from constant association with books and authors, to lay too little stress upon their importance. Had we merely the meagre libraries of a century ago, and were we taught, perforce of circumstances, to look upon the issue of a book by some enterprising but deluded publisher as *the* event of a generation—methinks, could we reach forward in fancy to a golden era when numerous houses issue thousands of volumes annually, we should deem the happy denizens of that age favored almost beyond comprehension. These blessings are at our disposal.

So it is with the age. What with its faithful servants, steam and electricity, its manifold appliances for compressing the most into the minutest space of time, our *litterati* scarce can control their impatience the few days that intervene between the announcement and advance sheets of a new work by a popular author, and the appearance of that work upon the shelves of dealers. And here let me refer to a habit which is not only characteristic of the age, but deserves censure at the hands of every

true friend of progress. A new book, upon receipt, is plunged into with reckless avidity; its pages pass before the eye with a rapidity that leaves little ground for hope that aught contained therein will remain impressed upon the mind for any longer period than while in hand. No matter what particular department is represented by the work—no matter what profound principles of elaborate literature it may develop—it is hurriedly scanned until the *finis* is reached. With an indolent yawn, the volume is closed and placed by the side of its predecessors upon the shelf, there to remain until rescued from its dusty perch by some person not fortunate in obtaining a first reading.

And why this haste? In fully ninety-nine instances in every one hundred the pure is cast aside to give place to the impure. A work of real worth and merit is consigned to the dismal shades of the book-case, after an imperfect scanning, and an inferior article of mental diet assigned the place of honor upon the center table. Why? From the simple but pertinent fact that the former, although graced by the flowers of language, and emitting the subtle aroma of genius and purity, is not as profusely studded with the far-fetched hyperbole which conventional society is wont to favor as entertaining, and which is so abundantly intermingled with what modicum of sense may be found in the latter.

It is an old axiom that the "world is governed too much." Might it not also be said, with equal terseness, that we read too much? Not that I by any means deprecate the fact, but rather grieve that so much valuable time, of what is at best but a span, is so recklessly devoted to a mere pretender, to the exclusion of the legitimate. Were these worse than squandered hours employed in storing the mind with the contents of yonder shelves, how far in advance of what we at present justly

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boast, we should be as a people of literary cultivation, it is impossible to estimate.

There is an imperative duty enjoined by the requirements of the age upon each and every person favoring a forward movement in literary progression. None so obscure but commanding a degree of influence over the minds of the youth who are laying, to-day, a foundation upon which, a few short years hence, they will stand before rising generations as you now stand before them. Seek by gentle means to eradicate this hereditary taint of mental character that enwraps the brain of far too many of our youth of either sex in its serpentine and seductive folds. Strive to inculcate, by keeping constantly within their reach the purer gems of our modern literature, a love for the same, and a desire to store the mind with something of more definite form than the waxy-waxy twaddle that forms an alarming proportion, neatly bound, of the stock-in-trade of many dealers.

Any vice, vicious or pernicious habit, can be overcome, if attacked at the proper time, and in suitable manner. Any mind not clouded with criminal ignorance, may be won from its daily feast of fictitious, romantic adventure, if properly supplied with an entertaining reality. Perseverance, and a plentiful supply of meritorious mental food, will eventually win the day.

In what employment can a person receive more perfect enjoyment than in the leisure, reflective perusal of a good book? Lack of means is no proper excuse for their exclusion from the home of even the poorest laborer. A careful examination will reveal the fact that those whose families are unprovided with reading material, save an occasional paper on the occasion of some great calamity, prize-fight, murder, suicide, elopement, or other "news," spend an amount, that finds its way into the bill of the rumseller, sufficient to pay

the subscription of the home paper, two or three monthlies and weeklies, and leave a respectable sum for the purchase of books. This latter investment would be regarded by many of them as extravagant in the extreme; yet, they do not seemingly notice the frightful inroads made upon their slender receipts by their false and fallacious notions of enjoyment found before the bar or at the card-table. As a consequence, their families grow up in the most shameful and criminal ignorance. The boys are good hands at old sledge, and are among the first in their neighborhood to achieve the task of whistling "Champaign Charley." The girls, for diversion, search out "the last paper pap brought home," and again feast the eyes and heart with the published account of something unnatural or hideous, or gloat over the still more revolting and positively obscene wood cuts. Thus the mental and moral character of the under strata of society is formed; its baneful effects are visible hourly; under such tuition graduate the thieves, robbers, cut-throats, outcasts and prostitutes of the present day. No reasonable excuse can be offered for this deplorable state of affairs. "As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines." Parents are amenable to the laws of God, if not to those of man, for the pains they take to educate their progeny to fill our jails, penitentiaries and infirmaries.

On the other hand, go with me to the home of a fellow-laborer with the above—one whose early character was, perhaps, developed beneath the watchful care of a pious mother. Here you will find the evening amusement to consist of entertaining and instructive reading and conversation. The more complicated and arduous passages are explained and exemplified to the younger members of the family; their interest is aroused; they wish to know more upon the subject; an early, earnest and lasting desire for information is formed; a taste for



mental acquirement is planted, and the germs now so frail may, a few years hence, develop into either statesmen, orators, authors or poets. Science also has its devotees, whose first lessons were received around the cheerful fireside of a happy home. A single article, perhaps, upon some grand achievement in the scientific world, has fastened itself upon the memory-hooks of one of that listening group, and the young and active mind, grasping the idea evolved with its full force and vigor, becomes the base of action for a future filled with success.

Is it a severe task to determine which picture is the most lovable or which possesses the most beauty?

In conclusion, let me repeat that the signs of the times are pregnant with hope. Should the efforts now being made be seconded by the populace, as they should, a still brighter future is before us. The day of an excusable ignorance has passed, and its sun has set never to again arise. In its stead has arisen another and nobler orb, and while the genius of intelligence shall light up the world of letters, let its rays rest upon each and every one at his post of duty, performing his allotted part in rescuing the legitimate from the contaminating companionship of the impure.

DELAWARE, O., March, 1869.

#### WOOLEN-MANUFACTURING INTERESTS IN THE WEST.

IT is less than a third of a century since the first effort was made in what are known as the Western States to manufacture fabrics from wool, cotton, or both combined. This interest has grown from feeble beginnings to one of great magnitude, and one in which our readers are more or less concerned; therefore we have gathered the following from the sources at our control.

The first settlers in the Western States were enterprising scions from New England or Middle States families, who, when removing to the land of promise, brought with them their sheep and cattle, from which to derive both food and clothing. The hand-card, distaff, spinning-wheel and hand-loom were among the most cherished household possessions.

With the advance in population, wealth and refinement, the few scattered sheep have multiplied into vast flocks, the hand-card, spinning-wheel and hand-loom have given place to the

carding-machine and the cotton and woolen factory, with their varied and labor-saving machinery, until there are, in the States under our notice, about eight hundred manufactories, combining enterprise, capital and skill, aiding to enrich the country in retaining the important staple of wool in the section where it is grown; stimulating its production and perfection; making valuable additions to our population from the older States and foreign countries; bringing capital to assist in developing natural resources; advancing the value of real estate, and improving the home market for all agricultural products. And yet this interest in the West is still in its infancy. The possibilities, nay, the probabilities of its future are now only faintly foreshadowed. It is but recently that systematic efforts have been made to organize the manufacturers of woolen goods for mutual benefit and protection.

Spencer Ellsworth, Esq., manager of the Prairie State Mills, of Lacon, Ill.,

celebrated for the excellence of their shawls, took the initial step, by addressing a brief circular to several manufacturers, inviting them to meet in conference, at the Tremont House in this city, Wednesday, January 15, 1868. At this meeting an organization was perfected, called the Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest, of which Geo. S. Bowen, Esq., a practical manufacturer, as well as a prominent dry-goods merchant, was elected president, and Jesse McAlister, Esq., well-known from his connection with the wool and woolen goods interests of the West, was elected secretary and treasurer.

During the first week in August an exposition of wool and woolen goods was held under the auspices of the new association, which was participated in by more than eighty manufactories, exhibiting over fifteen hundred specimens, comprising every variety of woolen fabrics. It was attended by several thousand visitors from every part of the country; was noticed and favorably commented upon by almost the entire press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and aroused an intense public interest in the subject, not only here in the West, but throughout the land. Among the numerous notices, the following, from the *Bulletin of the National Woolen Manufacturers' Association*, by John L. Hayes, Esq., deserves attention, from the well-known position of its author:

"The most interesting event in the woolen industry during the last year was the Exposition of the Woolen Manufacturers of the Northwest, which was held at Chicago on the 4th, 5th and 6th of August last. \* \* \*

*This Exposition was truly marvelous*, when it is considered that the first woolen-mill in the West was erected no later than 1842. The goods exhibited consisted almost exclusively of clothing-wool fabrics. The cloths, particularly

the fancy cassimeres exhibited by some of the mills, were pronounced by impartial experts to be fully equal to the products of the best mills of the East. A marked feature of the fabrics was the absence of shoddy, flocks, and other substitutes for pure wool. The mills are none of them large, averaging from two to four sets. The advantages legitimately claimed by the Western manufacturers are the saving of transportation of both raw material and fabrics, the facility of sending directly to customers—no commissions being paid to middlemen in the large cities—and the public sentiment of consumers in favor of the products of their own region, which is encouraged by the confidence that the goods are honestly made. It was evident, from the facts observed, that the West will hereafter rely to a large extent upon the products of its own mills for ordinary cloths; and that the East must relinquish its markets, or compete by cheaper productions or a higher class of fabrics. These are but the legitimate results of protection, and the compensation is that they make it more probable that the competition is to be limited to American soil."

Also the following, from the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* of August 25th, is likewise worthy of the attention of every thoughtful observer of events:

"Among the most important industrial facts of the country is the silent but steady growth of manufactures at the West for ten years past. While the East has been felicitating itself upon its traditional advantages, and has persistently refused to recognize the new States as anything but producers of the raw material and predestined consumers of its goods, factories and foundries have been starting up at numerous points throughout the West, and now bid fair to prove dangerous rivals in the competitions of the market. Begin-

ning small, as all enterprises, to be successful, must begin, they have worked up gradually into a situation and capacity to make goods, to make them well, and finally, to make them cheap. No one who is at all acquainted with the history of manufactures, or with the present distribution of industry in the countries of Europe, will apprehend that the supremacy is to pass away from the East. New England and the Middle States will remain the workshop of the nation. But that a great variety of manufactures may be localized with great advantage, at the chief railroad centers in the new States; that such a competition would be wholesome and bracing; and that a diversified production, when arising freely and naturally, is desirable on every account, for the social as well as the economical well-being of a people, cannot be disputed.

"The Northwestern Woolen Exhibition, which was held at Chicago last week, was designed to signalize this progress of the new industry, as well as to give direction to the efforts of the Northwest, and invite the attention of trades and consumers to the new sources of supply. Even to those who had been aware of the development of Western manufactures it had all the effect of a surprise to find the products so numerous, so various and so highly wrought as the exhibition showed them to be. The immediate success of the affair, which was carried through in Chicago's best style, will unquestionably be followed by substantial results in the more respectful attention of the market to the products of Western looms.

"The goods exhibited were of every class, including flannels, from the

coarsest grades to the finest opera goods; jeans from Kentucky and Minnesota; beavers from every Western State, and of exquisite finish; doeskins of equally fine texture; cassimeres, *fac similes* of foreign goods; shawls of every pattern and class; tweeds, hoods, meltons, lindseys, yarns, blankets, satinets, hose, underwear, mittens, gloves, braids, flannel jackets, trimmings, scarfs; in short, every description of woolen fabrics which American ingenuity has proved itself capable of manufacturing. And this list, so astonishing when we remember that the first woolen mill in Illinois was built in 1842, is not made up of articles produced for the exhibition merely, but of merchantable goods, which our Eastern manufacturers must prepare to encounter in the market, with the advantage of transportation and of local acquaintance against them."

These extracts, from the highest authority in the country, show conclusively the value that is placed on this movement by those best calculated to judge.

The advantages of the Exposition were so marked that the merchants and business men of Cincinnati solicited the honor of the next at their city, a delegation being present at the annual meeting of the Association to present the claims of that city. Their application was successful, and it is expected that the second Exposition will far exceed the first.

Plans for the collection of statistical information have been adopted, and we hope in a future paper to be able to give full and complete statistics of this valuable interest.

## A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE storm is over; on the sky  
The bow of holy promise gleams;  
The autograph of God on high  
Is underscored with golden beams;  
The good time coming draweth nigh,  
And peace is not a thought in dreams.

Hushed is the thunder, quenched the fire;  
The crimson clouds are swept away;  
No red rain falls—the flaming wire  
Touches the pulse of peace to-day,  
And Freedom tunes her sacred lyre,  
And Hope repeats the heavenly lay.

O prairie, broad and wild and free,  
Let thy perfume of praise be shed  
Like incense from the grassy sea,  
From censer cups of blossoms red;  
And birds exult in ecstasy,  
For signs of promise overhead.

O mountains of the peerless West,  
Whose lofty foreheads touch the stars,  
Whose crags clasp the wild eagle's nest,  
Wrap thick with snow thy thunder-scars,  
And tower in pride above the rest,  
While echo shouts her loud huzzahs!

O lakes, wide as an inland sea,  
Pulsing against the rock-ribbed shore,  
Beating like hearts of peoples free,  
Let thy proud waves for ever more  
Chant in their solemn majesty  
The song of peace the winds encore.

O vast confederation, rent  
By war, still held by sacred ties,  
Stretching across a continent,  
Rejoice! thy starry banner flies  
Unchallenged under the blue tent;  
Our flag was copied from the skies!

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

[GATHERED FOR THE WESTERN MONTHLY.]

*I have only culled a bouquet of other men's flowers, and nothing is my own but the string that ties them.*—MONTAIGNE.

## HOPE.—

Hope will lead us on and on,  
Through life's mimic gladness.  
When the day of bloom is done,  
When the fancied goal is won,  
Cometh the night of sadness.  
Starless night beyond the tomb?  
Heaven forfend the fearful doom!

P. Fishe Reed.

## SONG OF DOUBT.—

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;  
God has forgotten the world!  
The moon is gone and the stars are dead;  
God has forgotten the world!  
Evil has won in the horrid feud  
Of ages with the Throne;  
Evil stands on the neck of Good,  
And rules the world alone.

Dr. Holland.

## NATURE'S SOLACE.—

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou would'st read a lesson that will  
keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul  
from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills. No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Longfellow.

## THE RIGHT CAUSE.—

Bet it so! though Right trampled be  
counted for Wrong,  
And that pass for Right which is Evil  
victorious,  
Here where virtue is feeble and villainy  
strong,  
'Tis the cause, not the *fate* of a cause  
that is glorious.

Meredith.

## LIFE.—

A little while and we die; shall life not  
thrive as it may?  
For no man under the sky lives twice,  
outliving his day.  
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man  
hath enough of his tears;  
Why should he labor, and bring fresh  
grief to blacken his years?

Swinburne.

## THE WORLD.—

Men might be better if we better deemed  
Of them. The worst way to improve the  
world  
Is to condemn it. Men may overget  
Delusion—not despair.

Bailey.

## AGE.—

Its odd bow hats expand their brims as  
riper years invade,  
As if when life had reached its noon, it  
wanted them for shade.

O. W. Holmes.

## SLAVERY.—

Easier were it  
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base  
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men  
Determined to be free.

Southey.

## DEATH.—

Groans and convulsions and discolored  
faces—  
Friends weeping round us—blacks and  
obsequies,  
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp  
of death  
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Mathew Lee.

## MAN AND NATURE.—

Better for man  
Were he and Nature more familiar  
friends!  
His part is worst that touches this base  
world.  
Although the ocean's inmost heart be  
pure,  
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the  
shore  
Is gross with sand.

Alex. Smith.

## SELFISHNESS.—

Nord do I mind for other people's business.  
I have no heart for their predicaments;  
I am for myself. I measure every thing  
By, what is it to me? From which I find  
I have but little in common with the mass,  
Except my meals and so forth; dress and  
sleep.  
I have that within me I can live upon:  
Spider-like, spin my place out anywhere.

Bailey.

## EDITORIAL.

CHANGE OF PUBLISHERS.—As is indicated on the title-page of our present number, a partial change has taken place in the proprietorship of the WESTERN MONTHLY, the publishing firm of which will hereafter be known as "REED, BROWNE & Co." The editorial management will continue as heretofore.—The many friends interested in the prosperity of our enterprise may be pleased to learn that the WESTERN MONTHLY has thus far met with an encouragement, from all quarters, far exceeding our anticipations; that its affairs are now on a firm and satisfactory basis, both as regards financial resources and efficient management; and that success is already assured.

MARSHAL NEY—WAS HE AN AMERICAN OR A FRENCHMAN?—"Mr. C. H. Browning writes to the *Round Table* a curious account regarding Marshal Ney, 'who was, next to Napoleon, the greatest of the generals produced by the French Revolution,' and seriously asks the question, Was he a Frenchman or an American? His biography, as written by himself, represents him to have been born at Sarre Louis, a small town on the Rhine, in 1769. The other story is about as follows: Marshal Ney's proper name was Michael Rodolph, and not Michael Ney. He was captain in General Wayne's army in the war with the Indians. His career was marked by the most daring deeds of valor, and he was called among the soldiers by the last title Napoleon ever gave him—the 'bravest of the brave.' Captain Michael Rodolph was young and fiery, and on one occasion, feeling himself insulted by General Wayne, he challenged him.

General Wayne reported his insubordinate conduct to the Government, and General Washington struck his name from the army list."

The foregoing article having been going the rounds of the press for some time, we desire to present the facts in the case, which, as we understand them, are these: Michael Rudolph (not Rodolph) was a Captain during the American Revolution in "Light Horse Harry Lee's Legion of Dragoons", and distinguished himself upon several occasions. He was a Captain from 1779 or '80 until the close of the war. When the first Federal troops were raised after the Revolution, he was appointed a Captain in the First Regiment of United States Infantry on the 3d of June, 1790, and, when the first squadron of dragoons (consisting of four companies), was formed on the 5th of March, 1792, he was promoted to the rank of Major commanding the squadron, and was Adjutant and Inspector of the Army in 1793. He resigned on the 17th of July, 1793, and as General Wayne's campaign against the Indians did not take place until 1794, he, of course, did not participate in it, as he was not in the army.

Marshal Michael Ney was born at Sarre Louis in 1770, and if this date is correct, and Ney and Rudolph were one and the same person, he must have been a Captain in Lee's Legion when nine years of age, which is, of course, an absurdity. Ney entered the French army in 1787 as a private of hussars, and was promoted for bravery in 1793, which was the same year that Rudolph was serving in the United States army, as a Major; and it was not until the

following year that Ney became a Captain in the armies of France. If Ney ever served in the United States army the biographies written of him by the French are little better than tissues of falsehood.

THIS NUMBER.—One of the leading characteristics of an American is that of "blowing his own horn." Indeed, the rule has assumed the dignity of a proverb, and in foreign countries he is distinguished from all other men by everlastingly talking of himself. As Americans, we are not exempt from this malady, and so continue to "blow." Our portrait speaks for itself. The leading article was written by a gentleman who has been intimately acquainted with Judge Miller for many years, and is reliable. Dr. Clarke's article on "Science, Monotheism and Polytheism," is fully equal to any he has heretofore written. Mrs. Rayne, of Chicago, furnishes a readable little article on "Smoking and Anti-Smoking," and "Mat. Hawthorn" has his "say" about the "Citizen as a Voter." Mrs. A. Wiltse, of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, is introduced very happily by "The Wedded Waters." Some time ago we promised articles from Prof. Winchell and President Haven, both of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. The former appears in "The Old Age of Continents," which is written up in the Professor's own pleasing and interesting style. We hope, ere long, to hear from President Haven. "The Black House and its Owner," by Dr. Sideview, is well worth a perusal. Mrs. Celeste M. A. Winslow, the poetess, of Keokuk, Iowa, favors our readers with "An Incident of Long Ago," and "St. Ledger," of Chicago, with the charming little poem "Sweetnesses."

Andrew Shuman, Esq., of the *Evening Journal*, and one of our State Penitentiary Commissioners, appears with a commendable paper on "The Management and Discipline of our Prisons." Mr. Shuman's connection with our prison enables him to speak confidently of the subject he deals with. Prof. Boise concludes his articles on "Athenian and American Sophists," and Col. Brackett continues his descriptive articles by presenting "Nevada and the Silver Mines." "The Present Literary Age," by M. Hough Underhill, of Delaware, Ohio, a new contributor, will be found to be a sensible view of the present popular tastes and literature of the American people well worth reading. A modest gentleman, extensively connected with the wool-growing interests of the West, has responded to our call in the February number of the *WESTERN*, and favored our readers with an interesting paper upon "Woolen-Manufacturing Interests in the West." Will others do likewise?

OUR FIELD.—Through fear of a misunderstanding on the part of some of our neighboring cities, we desire to state that our field of action is not the city of Chicago alone, but the entire West, from Minnesota to Texas, from Ohio to the Mountains. We make this statement to do away with any erroneous impressions that may have been heretofore formed, and to prevent their occurrence in the future.

REMOVAL.—The office of the *WESTERN MONTHLY* has been removed to the new *Tribune* Building, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets, where all communications are hereafter to be addressed.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

WAVERLY NOVELS. By Sir Walter Scott. D. Appleton & Co., 90 Grand street, New York. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co., 81 and 83 Lake st. 1869.

Who has not heard of the Waverly Novels? And who, having heard, has, or will not, read? Of the contents of this volume it is unnecessary for us to speak. Everybody knows the immortal author of—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
As never to himself bath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"

And knowing this, who would not like to read "Waverly?" The volume before us contains "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," "Monastery," "Pirate," and "Black Dwarf"—making a book of eight hundred pages. It is printed on clear, fine type, and handsomely illustrated with engravings on wood and steel; back and side of cover ornamented with beautiful designs of gilt on green back-ground. Upon the whole, it is a splendid volume, and should be found upon every center-table in the West.

THE PLANET; A Song of a Distant World. By Larry Best. Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co., 81 and 83 Lake street. 1869.

This is a poem of six cantos, making a volume of 160 pages. The poet, dissatisfied with the vanities of Earth, longs to dwell upon a favorite star, which he conceives to be an abode of unsullied purity and bliss. The muse comes to his relief, and he is translated thither. There he finds that Evil has preceded him, and that a majority of the inhabitants have yielded to its influence, leaving but a remnant steadfast in their integrity. For the destruction

of that remnant a plot is contrived by their enemies, the progress and result of which are recited. We see nothing particularly remarkable about the book. It is written in a plain, unassuming style, and becomes more interesting as the reader proceeds. Upon the whole it is quite a readable volume.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES. By Capt. Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co., 81 and 83 Lake street.

To the admirers of Capt. Marryat, this new edition of his works, of convenient size, clear type and low price, will no doubt be welcome. It is difficult, however, to see the attraction of the volume under consideration to readers of the present age. In general plan, it is a poor imitation of the Arabian nights, of whose charming characteristics it is entirely destitute, lacking equally the faithful reproduction of Oriental life and manners, and the air of romance which render the stories of the Princess Scheherazade so fascinating to vivid imaginations. Nor can narratives, in which murder and crimes against domestic purity are every-day incidents, introduced without a shadow of reprehension, be acceptable to any mind accustomed to a wholesome atmosphere.

HOW A BRIDE WAS WON. By Frederick Gustaker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co., 81 and 83 Lake street.

A white girl carried off by Indians, and recovered by her friends after many adventures and perils encountered in the land of her captors—that does not furnish a very original plot for a novel; nevertheless, the one before us is by no

means hackneyed in its details, the author having chosen for its scenes comparatively unbroken ground. The Indians are not our northern neighbors, but the wild tribes of the Otra Banda, hanging on the outskirts of Chili, and inhabiting the mountain fastnesses with the plains beyond. The pictures of life among them have considerable freshness and local coloring, and are evidently the result of studies from nature. Judging from them, the South American Indian of these regions has retained more barbaric virtues than his northern brethren. Jenkitruss, chief of the Penchuenches, is a striking and rather prepossessing figure of a primitive type. Some of the illustrations, though crude, are quite suggestive, and leave agreeable impressions of the broad sweep of the Pampas, and the picturesqueness of the mountain gorges. The book, in bringing a certain air of wild freedom and adventure, may offer a momentary pleasure to those "who in close cities dwell."

VOICES OF THE WIND, and Other Poems; by P. Fiske Reed. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler, 87 Washington street.

There are few poets living who possess a finer taste in the selection of words that so harmonize with the ideas expressed as to present, at once, two beauties—those of *sound* and *sense*—than the "poet-artist" of Chicago. To prove this we quote the first stanza from the leading poem:

"From out the Borean circles, from the valley of the dew,  
From the clouds of sapphire glory in the empyrean blue,  
Cometh the gentle zephyr-wind upswelling from the plain,  
Low humming, with its odorous breath, the summer's sweet refrain.  
It is coming with a lightsome step among the smiling flowers,

Softly weaving song and beauty into all the glowing hours;  
It dallies with the daisy, as it feeds upon the light,  
And pets the peerless pansy through the silence of the night;  
It creeps upon the water-cress that nods beneath the hill,  
And trails its yellow tresses in the ripples of the rill;  
It sleeps upon the pensive plain, where broods the turtle-dove,—  
Where the rose and lily listen to the wild-bee's hum of love;  
It wanders over all the land, and dimples all the sea,  
And tips the lip of the loving one, and brings the kiss to me.  
O wooing wind, O winsome wind, blow softly o'er the sea,  
And hasten the ship of the loving one that's coming home to me!

This same beautiful mingling of the harmony of sound with that of sense extends, with a few exceptions, to all the poems of the book, and is the marked characteristic which distinguishes Mr. Reed's writings from those of the myriads of scribblers of the present day. "Pictures in the Sky" is, perhaps, the most perfectly constructed of any; but there are few who can read "The Old School-House" without a sigh, or perhaps a tear.

"The vision is over—the present is here,  
I leave the old seat with a parting tear;  
For never again will the flush and prime  
Of youth come back to that golden time.  
The little bird's song is a plaintive moan,  
And the trill of the brook has a solemn tone;  
Yet memories prompt me to linger still  
By the little red school-house under the hill."

Of all the drum-songs ever written, none, perhaps, excel the one we find in the volume before us. One stanza will give an idea of the song:

"Come, soldiers, come to the rolling of the drum—  
To the clatter and the batter of the spirit-stirring drum,  
How the furious music rolls!  
How it thrills our very souls!  
For there's battle in the rattle of the drum, drum, drum."

"Voices of the Wind" is a charming little volume, and every lover of sweet poetry should read it.

## MUSICAL MATTERS.

Ferdinand Hiller, the eminent pianist and composer, in his "Chat with Rossini," gives the following as the substance of his conversation with the great *maestro* concerning the merits of Spohr and Paganini:

"Does Spohr still play the violin much?" asked Rossini, one day.

"He still plays splendidly, but only in small circles," I replied.

"I lament that I never had the pleasure of hearing him," said the *maestro*. "Festa, in Naples, who was quite distinguished, in quartet especially, always spoke to me with the greatest enthusiasm, and said that he owed the best that he could do to Spohr. He had not been his pupil exactly, but had had much intercourse with him in Naples. He was never weary of celebrating his large tone—his *grandoire* delivery."

"No one has probably gone beyond him in that regard," said I. "But you have heard Paganini a great deal, *maestro*?"

"For many years he was almost continually near me. He declared that he followed my star, as he called it, and I was scarcely in a place that he did not come after me. He sat whole days and nights with me, while I composed."

"Was he interesting also in conversation?"

"He was full of original suggestions; a rare fellow. But what a talent!"

"A genius!"

"One should hear him play at sight! He took in half a page at a glance!"

"Is it true," I asked, "that he formerly had a softer tone, and played on thicker strings?"

"The greater the difficulties he undertook in the way of carrying on several parts at once," replied Rossini, "the thinner had to be his strings; besides he was no longer in the full vigor of youth when he went abroad, and so there may be some truth in the assertion. What always most astonished me in him was the alternation of excitement and repose of which he was capable, when he passed from the most impassioned *cantabile* to the boldest difficulties. Then he would suddenly become rigid as an automaton; I almost believe that he grew physically cold."

"Of the many strange adventures related of his early life, is even the smallest part true?" I asked.

"No; he was for a long time established at the court of Prince Bacciocchi, and afterwards went about Italy, giving concerts. He could not have grown rich by it; Italy is not the land for that."

"And he was extravagantly fond of money, as they say?"

"His avarice was as great as his talent, and

that is saying not a little. When he was earning his thousands in Paris he would go with his son in a restaurant at two francs, order one dinner for two, and carry home a pear and a piece of bread for his boy's breakfast. He had a singular desire to become a baron, and he found in Germany a man who helped him to attain his end, but charged him a round sum for it. From mortification and disgust he fell sick, and continued in that state a month."

"And yet he made Berlioz a right royal gift, suggested I."

"All Paris knows it," said Rossini, shrugging his shoulders; "I must believe it, and yet at bottom I hold it to be impossible."

At the "Monday Popular Concerts," in London, Herr Joachim and M. Sainosa, violinists, took part. The modest demeanor and substantial playing of the former are commended by the press. Of pianists the following eminent names are mentioned in connection with the concerts: Rubinstein, M<sup>me</sup> Schumann, Arabella Goddard and Charles Halle.

M<sup>lle</sup> Theresa Liede, a fair violinist from Paris, has been playing with decided success at the Royal Theater in Munich.

Richard Wagner reigns supreme at the opera in Munich, and even the approaching production of Gluck's "Sphigenia in Aulis," as arranged by the said "Maestro of the Future," is simply a fact tending "ad majorem dei gloriam."

M<sup>lle</sup> Gungl, a daughter of the well-known composer of dance music, has made her first appearance on the stage at Munich, as Senta, in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," and met with gratifying success.

The New York correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* says of Ole Bull's playing at the Philharmonic concert last month:

"Ole Bull played his two selections in his own disjunct, incoherent and peculiarly exasperating style. It is useless to criticise his compositions, for they are scarcely entitled to the name. In the Concerto, for instance, which is supposedly in A, the *finale* opens squarely in E major, continues in that key for a very long time, and then suddenly, without warning or reason, winds up suddenly with about sixteen bars in A. To paraphrase a famous *bon mot* of a certain celebrated wit, we might say that his "compositions will be played and admired when those of Mendelssohn and Beethoven shall be forgotten," and not until then. Herr Bull was *encored*, in a somewhat labored way, at the close of the concerts, and responded to the compliment by devoting about ten minutes of valuable time to a sort of musical nightmare, in which he exhibited his mechanical

dexterity and the beauties of the chromatic scale in a most ingenious manner."

Concertmeister de Ahna, at Berlin, (Prussia,) has brought before the public one of his pupils, a Fraulein Friese, as a violinist. The young lady is but fourteen years of age, and musicians predict for her a bright future.

Liest is at Weimar, Saxony, where he intends to spend some time for the present.

Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" have been revived at the Grand Opera in Paris, and met with much success.

"Rienzi," one of Richard Wagner's operas, is being steadily rehearsed at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris.

A new quartet club has been formed in Boston.

The ball which closed the opera season of New York signalized the close of Mr. Maretzek's career as a manager. He will carry with him into retirement good wishes and pleasant recollections.

In the forthcoming production of "Le Prophete" at the Academy of Music in New York, Mr. Maretzek will introduce a large chorus of boy singers.

Patti, when eight years old, sang the finale to "Sommambula" at a concert in the "Washington Hall," in Jersey City.

Most of the leading musicians in London are giving in their adhesion to the new normal diapason—that is, to the lower pitch for music.

Lortzing's opera, "Undine," has been revived at Dresden.

Principal among the musical events of Chicago during last month was the fourth grand Symphony Concert of H. Balatka, given at the magnificent Farwell Hall on the 16th. Mr. B. was assisted by Miss Ingraham, soprano, and Mr. Folts, baritone. Among the finest performances of the evening was an *adagio* from a symphony in E flat major, from Haydn; "Non e Ver," arietta for soprano, in which Miss Ingraham did herself credit; Romanza from Schumann's symphony in D minor; Overture to Robespierre, by Litolf; Theme and Variations, by Onslow, transcribed for orchestra by Mr. Balatka, and an overture to the opera, "A Night in Granada," by Kreutzer. The affair was a complete success. A benefit was unanimously tendered Mr. B.

On the 20th ult., a series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at Farwell Hall was inaugurated under the conductorship of Mr. Balatka, which are to continue during the spring weeks. They promise to be fine affairs for lovers of classical music.

The following popular music has just been issued by Messrs. Root & Cady, 67 Washington street, Chicago:

"Belles de Chicago." An elegant waltz for the piano. By R. Goldbeck. 30c.

"Birdie Polka." For the piano. By Schoemaker. 30c.

"La Harpe Eolienne." Brillante for piano, By Sidney Smith. 75c. The eleventh of the composer's celebrated compositions for the piano.

"L'Etoile Galop." By Elias Bogue. For the piano. 50c.

"Go Ask My Wife." Song and chorus. Words and music by Frank Howard. Very popular. 35c.

"A Hundred Years Hence." Song and chorus. Words by Fannie Gage; music by John W. Hutchinson. 30c.

"This Beautiful World we Live In." Song and chorus. By the popular Frank Howard. 35c.

"Never at Home." Song and chorus. Words and music by G. T. Lockwood. 30c.

"I cannot Forget." Song—piano accompaniment. By Carl Knortz. 35c.

"Not for Thy Beauty." Ballad. Words by A. G. Chase; music by C. F. Shattuck. 35c.

"Philander Brown, the Ill-used Young Man." Comic song. By Frank Howard. 40c.

By Messrs. W. H. BOWEN & Co., 1102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

"Lucretia Borgia." Operatic fantasia for the piano. By Sidney Smith. Consisting of twelve pages of sheet music from Op. 60. 90c.

"Beautiful Eyes." Song. Composed and arranged by B. F. Crawford. 30c.

"The Brooklet." Song. Words from the German of Goethe; music by W. C. 30c.

"A Thousand Leagues Away." Song. Words by W. C. Bennett; music by Joseph Barnby. Beautiful lithograph title page. 50c.

"When Night is Darkest, Dawn is Nearest." Song. Words by J. Wilce; music by Edward Laud. 40c.

"Bona Bell." A beautiful song, with chorus. By James C. Baker. 30c.

"Buy My Broom." Song. From Offenbach's operetta "Lisichen and Fritschen." 40c.

"Time Puzzles." Twenty-four in number. By M. B. 25c.

By Dr. Morris Bao's, 91 Washington street, Chicago:

"Hours of Joy." Beautiful waltz. By Herman Schirner. Piano. 50c.

"The Sorosis Polka." By Geo. Stevens. 30c.

"Plant Beautiful Flowers." Ballad, with chorus. By Frank Howard. 35c.

"Rosy Belle." Schottische. By James E. Haynes. 30c.

"The Raggiest Man in Town." A witty comic song and chorus. By Frank Howard. 35c.

"Enchanted Spirit Waltz." By Jas. Harrison, author of "As we went Berrying, Jennie and I," etc. Lithograph title page. 60c.

"Golden Pebbles." Schottische. By D. C. Addison. Embellished by a beautiful title page. 30c.

By LYON & HEALY, Clark and Washington sts., Chicago:

"Blue Bell." Mazourka de Salon, for piano. By Charles Fontaine. 40c.

"La Reve d'Esprit." Valse caracteristique. Piano. By S. G. Pratt. Op. 7. 50c.

"Evening Bells." By Gustav Lange. Op. 41. 50c.

"Crystal Waves." For the piano. By Aloys Hennes. Op. 73. 50c.

"L'Escarpolette." Swing song. Illustration. For the piano. By Charles Fontaine. 40c.

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